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VOCAL SCORE

OF

PRINCESS IDA;

Or, CASTLE ADAMANT.

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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PRINCESS IDA; or, CASTLE ADAMANT.

Dramatis Personae.

KING HILDEBRAND
HILARION (*his Son*)
CYRIL } (*Hilarion's Friends*)
FLORIAN }
KING GAMA
ARAC }
GURON } (*his Sons*)
SCYNTHIUS }
PRINCESS IDA (*Gama's Daughter*)
LADY BLANCHE (*Professor of Abstract Science*)
LADY PSYCHE (*Professor of Humanities*)
MELISSA (*Lady Blanche's Daughter*)
SACHARISSA }
CHLOE } (*Girl Graduates*)
ADA }
Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," &c.

ACT I.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace (*Emden*).
ACT II.—Gardens of Castle Adamant (*Hawes Craven*).
ACT III.—Courtyard of Castle Adamant (*Emden*).

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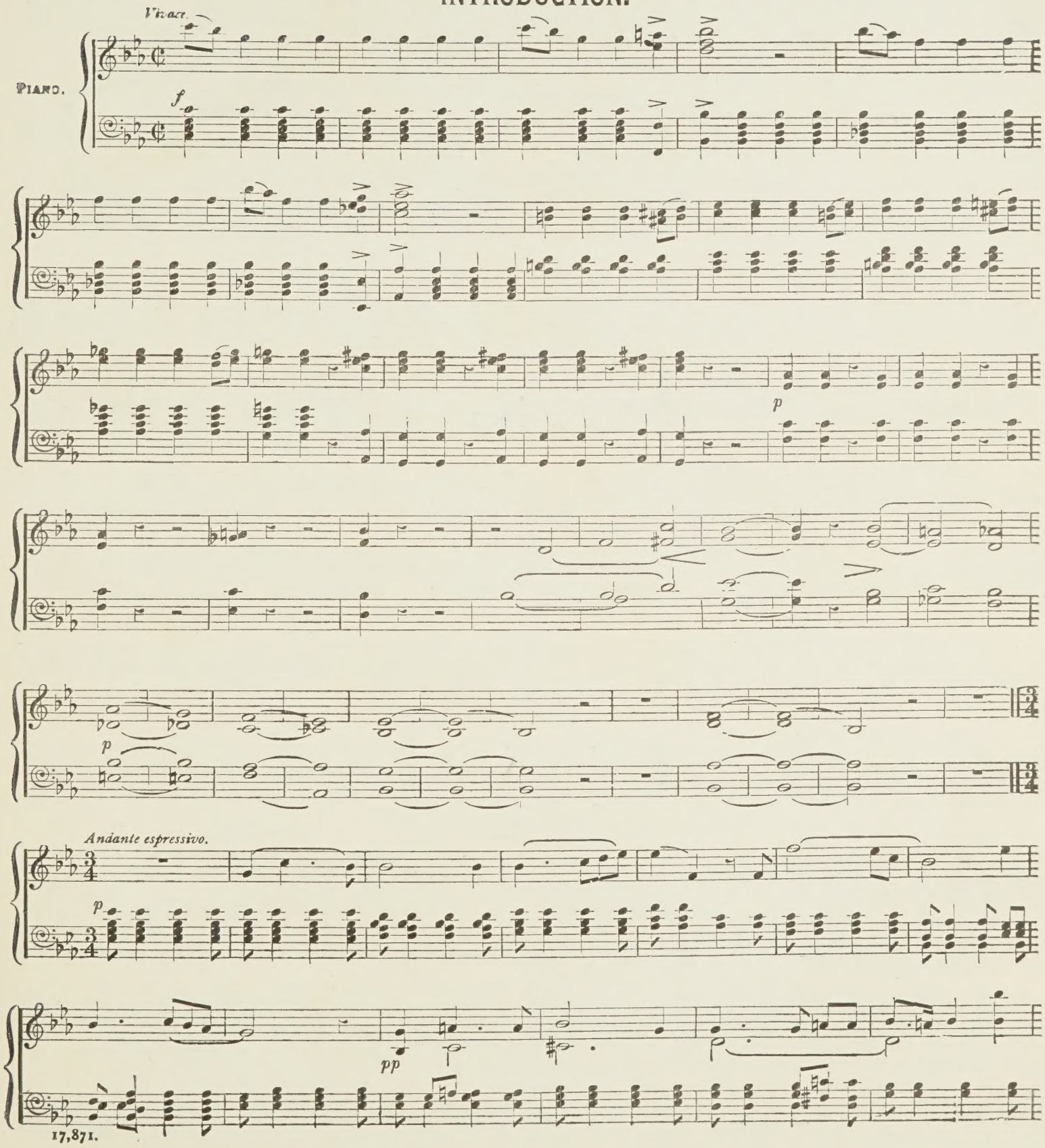
PRINCESS IDA.

INTRODUCTION.



cres.

ad lib.

p

a tempo.

trem.

cres.

ff

tr

dim.

p

pp

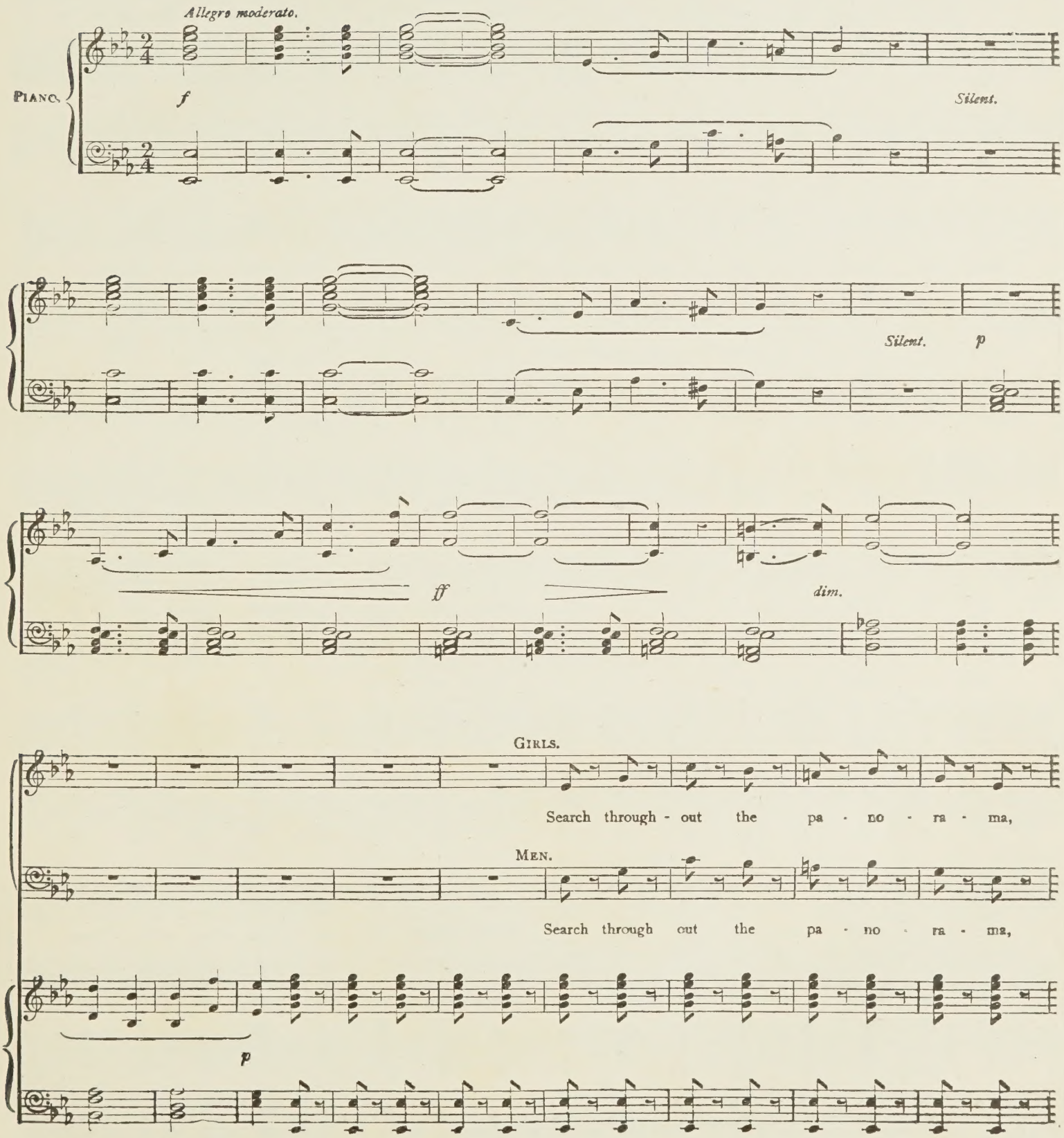
dim.

riten.

Attacca No. 1.

ACT I.

No. 1. CHORUS & SOLO—(Florian).



For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter

For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter

With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter— I - da is

With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter— I - da is

her name. Some mis - for - - tune e - vi - dent - ly

her name. Some mis - for - tune e - vi - dent - ly

Has de - tain'd them—con - se - quent - ly Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma

Has de - tain'd them—con - se - quent - ly Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma

For the daugh - ter of King Ga - ma, Prince Hi - la - rion's flame,

For the daugh - ter of King Ga - ma, Prince Hi - la - rion's flame,

Prince Hi la - - rion's flame!

Prince Hi - la - - rion's flame!

con forza.

f

SOLO. FLORIAN.

Will Prince Hi - la - rion's hopes be sad - ly blight ed? Who can tell? Who can tell? Will

CHORUS. TUTTI.

Who can tell? Who can tell?

p *f*

FLORIAN.

I - da break the vows that she has plight - ed? Who can tell? Who can tell? Will

CHORUS. TUTTI.

Who can tell? Who can tell?

p *f*

CHORUS. FLORIAN.

she back out and say she did not mean them? Who can tell? If so, there'll be the

Who can tell?

f *p*

CHORUS.

deuce to pay be - tween them! No, no— we'll not de - spair, we'll not de - spair, For

No, no— we'll not de - spair, we'll not de - spair, For

f *p*

Ga - ma would not dare . . . To make a dead - ly foe . . . . Of

Ga ma would not dare . . To make a dead - ly foe . . . . Of

v

Hil - de - brand, and so, Search through - out the pa - no -

Hil - de brand, and so, Search through - out the pa - no -

f *dim.* *p*

- ra - ma For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to day should cross the

- ra - ma For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the

cres.

wa - ter With his fas - - ci - na ting daugh - ter— I - da,

ff

wa - ter With his fas - - ci - na - ting daugh ter— I - - da,

ff

cres.

f

I - da is . . her . . . name. . . . . .

I - da is . . . her . . . name. . . . .

No. 2. SONG—(Hildebrand & Chorus).

Allegro con brio.

PIANO.

HILDEBRAND.

1. Now heark - en to my strict com-mand On ev - ry hand, on ev - 'ry hand.

CHORUS.
GIRLS.

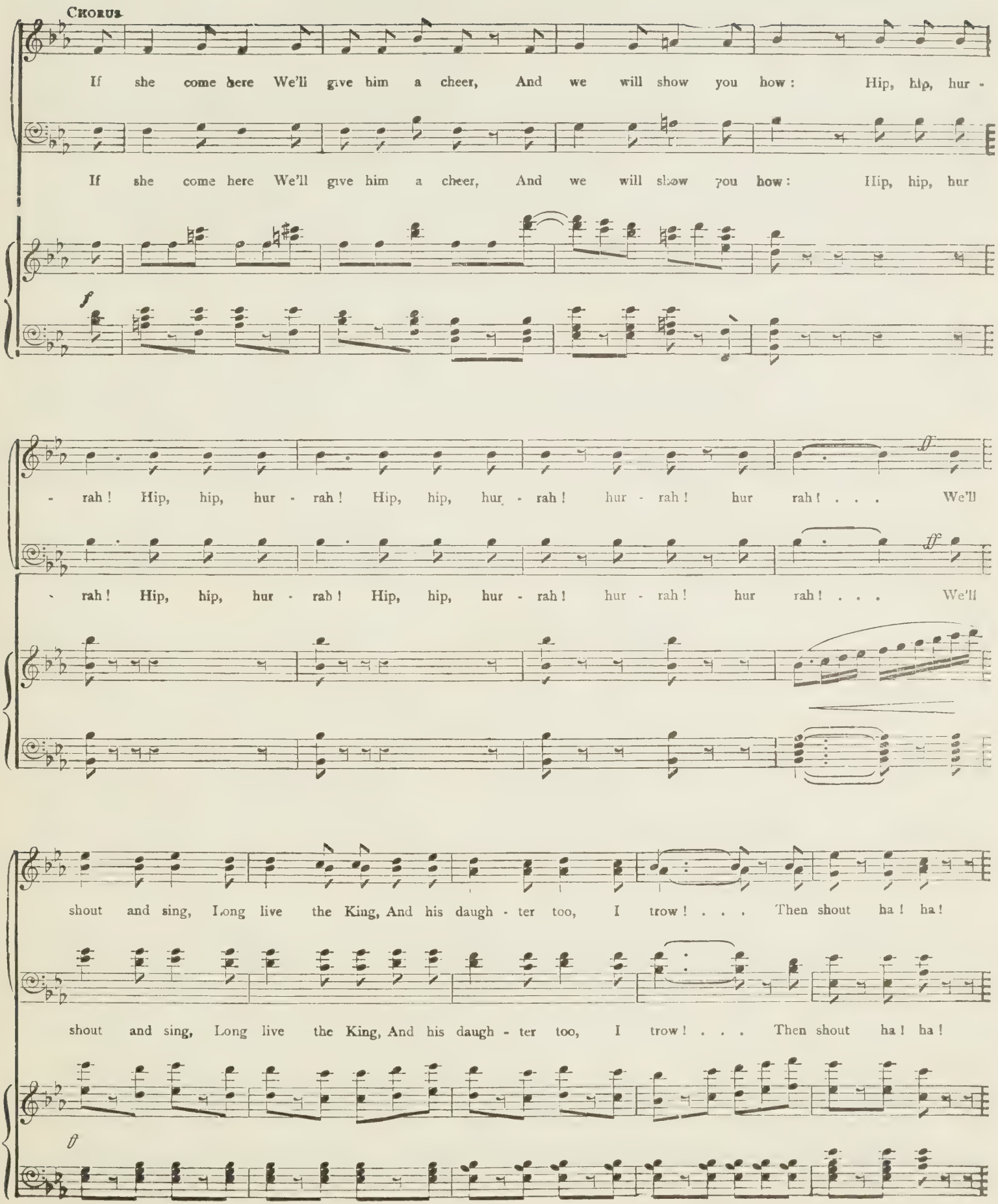
To your com - mand On ev 'ry hand, We du - ti - ful - ly bow! . . . If

HILD.

MEN.

To your com - mand On ev - 'ry hand, We du - ti - ful - ly bow! . . .

Ga - ma bring the Prin - cess here Give him good cheer, give him good cheer.


Chorus
If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur -
If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur
f
- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur rah! . . . We'll
ff
- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur rah! . . . We'll
ff
shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daugh - ter too, I trow! . . . Then shout ha! ha!
shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daugh - ter too, I trow! . . . Then shout ha! ha!
ff

hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! . . . . For the

hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! . For the

fair Prin- cess and her good pa - pa, hur - rah! . . . hur - rah! . . .

fair Prin- cess and her good pa - pa, hur - rah! . hur - rah! . . .

p

HILD.

2. But if he fail to keep his troth, Up - on our oath, we'll trounce them both!

CHORUS.
GIRLS.

HILD.

He'll trounce them both, Up - on his oath, As sure as quar - ter day! . . . We'll

MEN.

He'll trounce them both, Up - on his oath, As sure as quar - ter day! . . .

shut him up in a dun - geon cell, And toll his knell on a fu - ne - ral bell!

CHORUS.

From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral knell, Shall strike him with dis - may! Hip, hip, hur -

From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral knell, Shall strike him with dis - may! Hip, hip, hur -

- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . As

- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . As

up we string, The faith - less King, In the old fa mi - liar way! . We'll shout ha! ha!

up we string, The faith - less King, In the old fa - mi - liar way! . . We'll shout ha! ha!

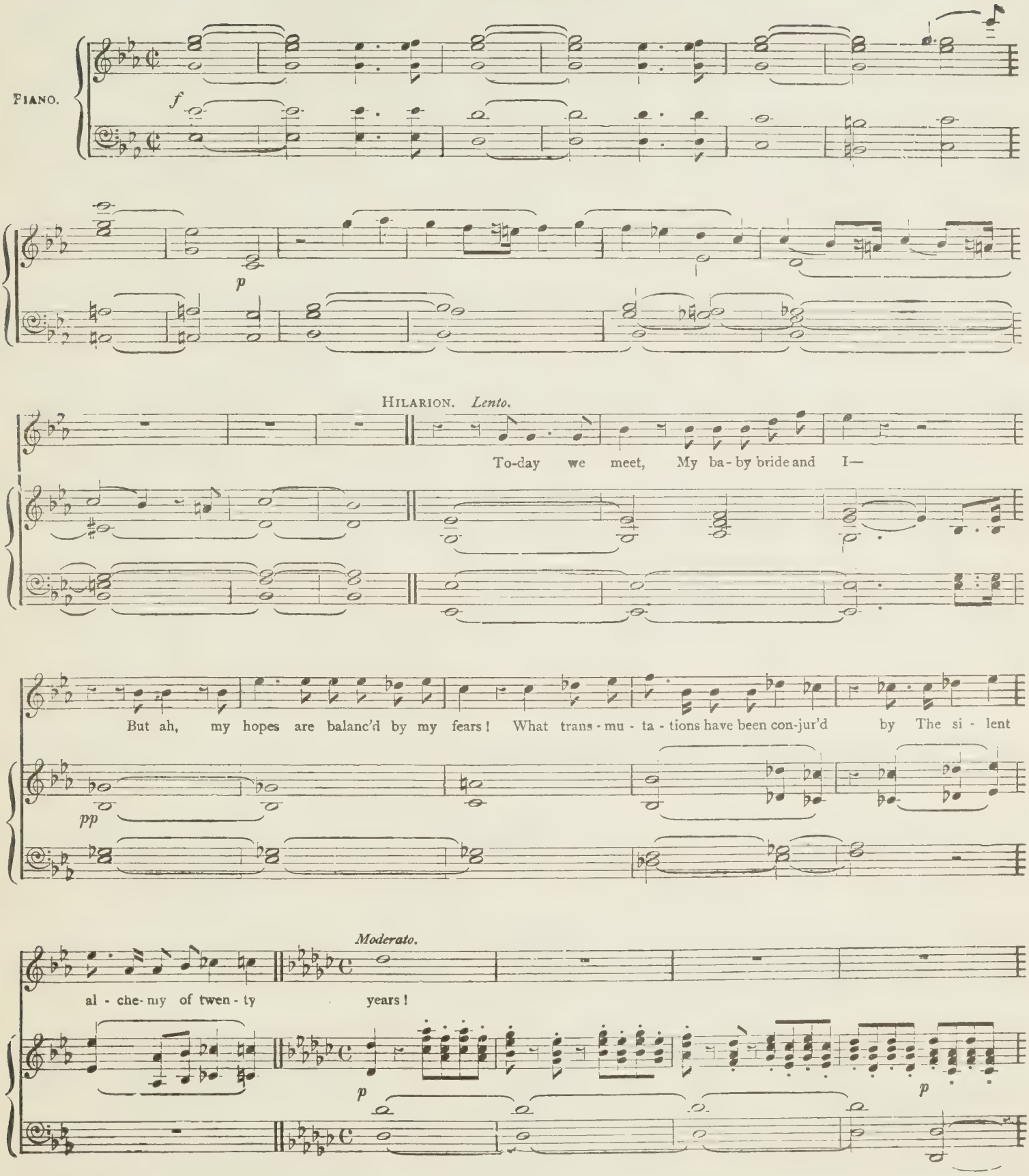
hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! . . . . . As we

hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! . . . . . As we

make an end of her false pa - pa, hur - rah! . . . hur - rah! . . . .

make an end of her false pa - pa, hur - rah! . . . hur - rah! . . . .

No. 3. RECITATIVE & SONG—(Hilarion).



1. I - da was a twelve - month old, Twen - ty years a - go!

p

I was twice her age, I'm told, Twen - ty years a - go!

Hus - band twice as old as wife Ar gues ill for mar - ried life;

Bale - ful pro - phe - cies were rife, Twen - ty years a - go,

cres. *f* *dim.*

Twen - ty years a - go! 2. Still, I was a ti - ny

p *f* *p*

Prince Twen - ty years a - go. She has gain'd up - on me, since

Twen - ty years a - go. Though she's twen - ty - - one, it's true.

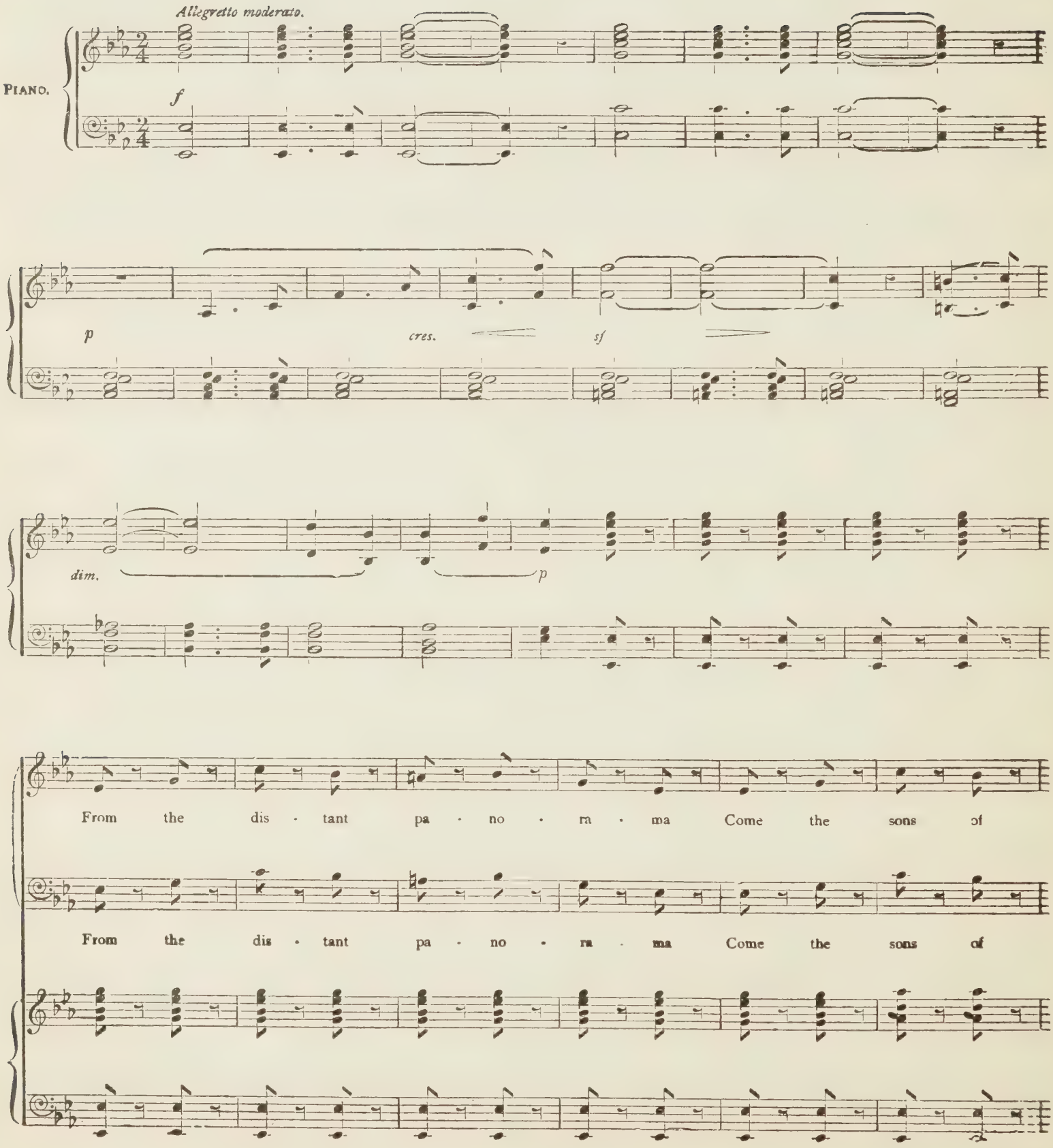
I am bare - ly twen - ty - two— False and fool - ish pro - phets you,

cres.

Twen - ty years a - go, Twen - ty years a - go!

f *dim.* *p* *f*

No. 4. CHORUS.


Allegretto moderato.
Piano.
f
p
cres.
sf
dim.
p
From the dis - tant pa - no - ra - ma Come the sons of
From the dis - tant pa - no - ra - ma Come the sons of

roy - al Ga - ma, They are he - ralds e - vi - dent - ly,

roy - al Ga - ma, They are he - ralds e - vi - dent - ly,

And are sa - - - cred con - se - - quent - - ly; Sons of

And are sa - - cred con - - se - quent - - ly; Sons of

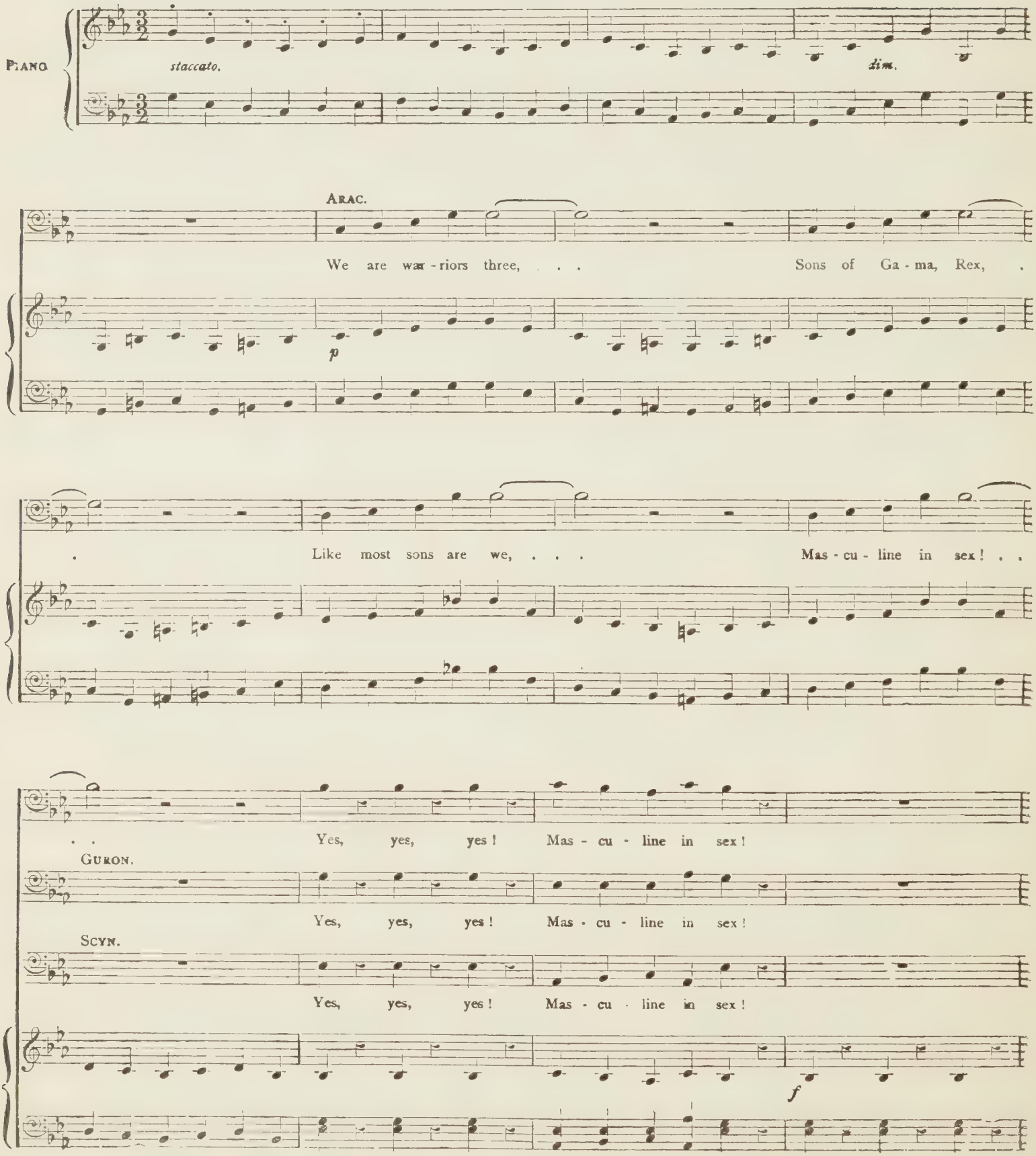
cres.

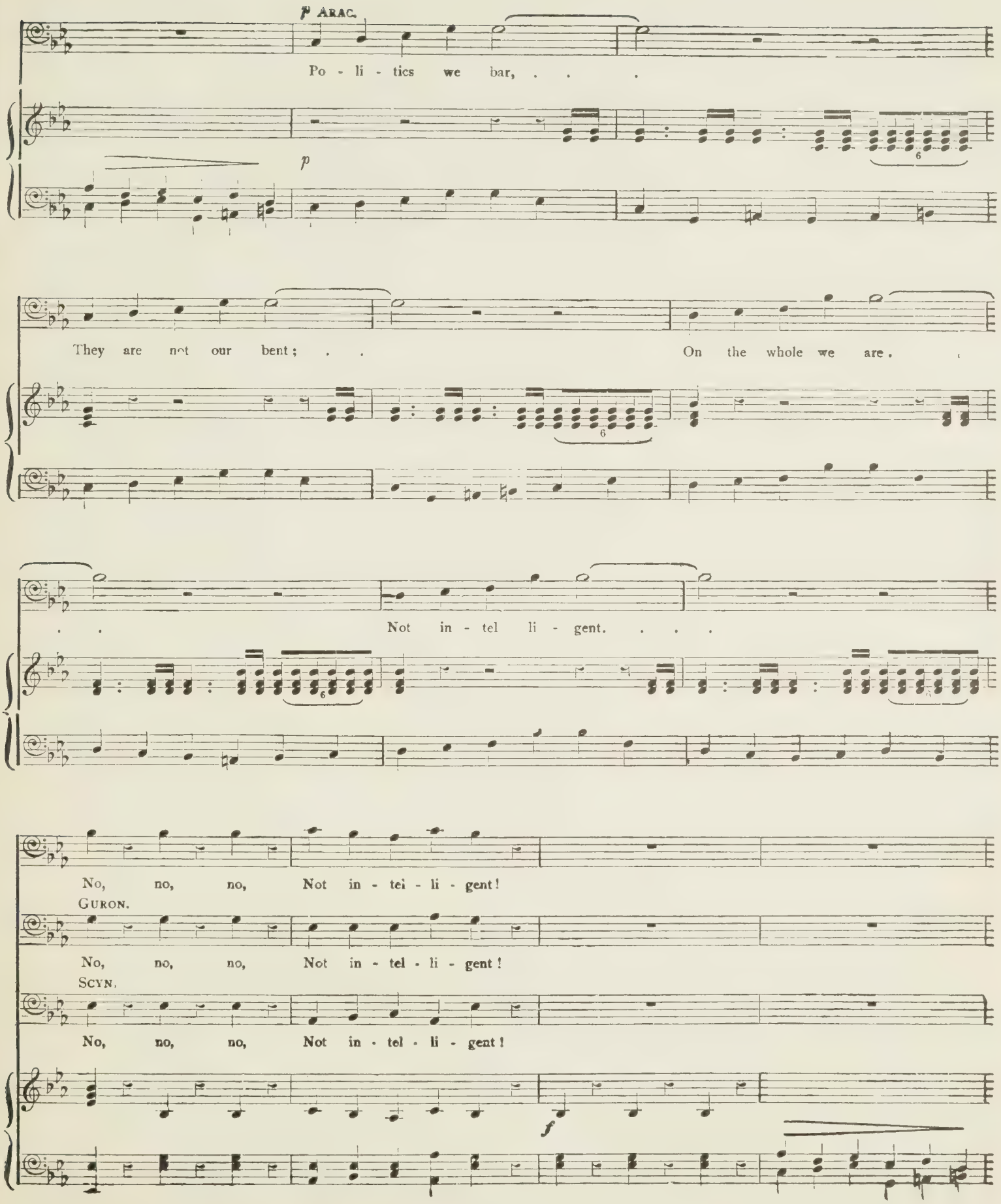
Ga - ma, Hail, ... oh, ... hail! . . . .

Ga - ma, Hail, ... oh, ... hail! . . . . .

Attacca No. 5.

No. 5. TRIO—(Arac, Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus).




p ARAC.
Po - li - tics we bar, . . .
p
They are not our bent; . . On the whole we are. .
. . Not in - tel li - gent. . . .
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
GURON.
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
SCYN.
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
f

ARAC.

But with dought - y heart, . . . And with trust - y blade, . .

p *staccato.* *pp*

con Sva.

. . . We can play our part, .

Fight - ing is our trade! . . . . . Yes, yes, yes!

GURON.

Yes, yes, yes!

SCYN.

Yes, yes, yes!

Fight - ing is our trade!

Fight - ing is our trade!

Fight - ing is our trade!

Più vivo.

f

ARAC, GURON, & SCYNTHIUS.

f

Bold, and fierce, and strong, ha, ha! For a war we burn, With its right or

f

wrong, ha, ha! We have no con - cern. Or - der comes to fight, ha, ha!

Or - der is o - bey'd! We are men of might, ha! ha! Fight - -

- - - - - ing is our trade! Yes, yes, yes!

Fight - ing is our trade, ha, ha!

CHORUS *unison.*

They are men of might, ha, ha! Fight - ing is their

f

trade! Or - der comes to fight, ha! ha! Or - der is o - bey'd!

The three Principals, unison.

Ha, ha! Fight - - -

Or - der comes to fight! Or - der is o - bey'd! Fight - - -

- - - - - - ing is. Yes, yes, yes!

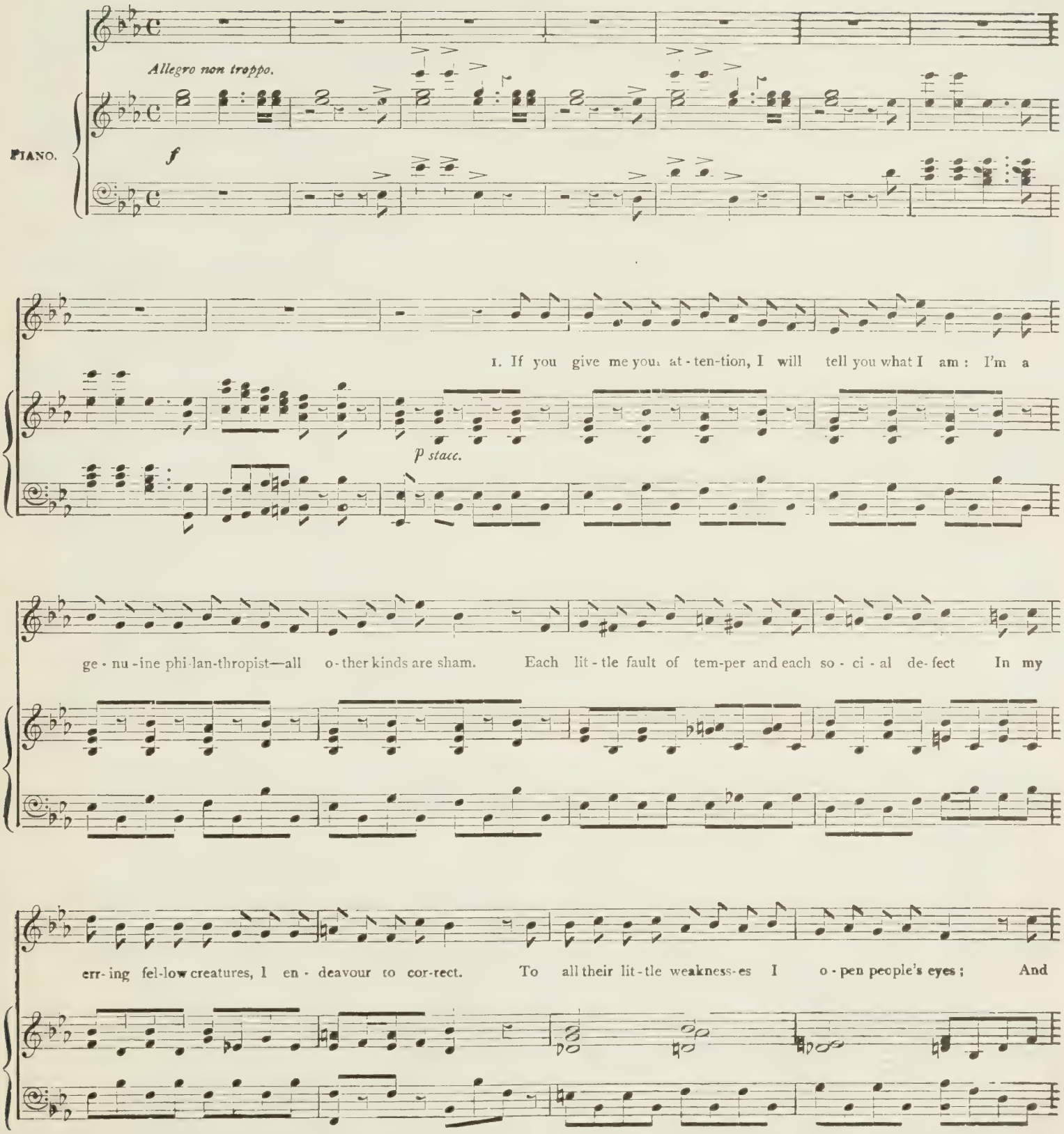
- - - - - ing is . . . . . .

Fight-ing is our trade, ha, ha!

their . . . . trade!

Attacca

No. 6. SONG—(Gama).



lit - tle plans to snub the self - suf - fi-cient I de-vise; I love my fel-low creatures—I do all the good I can— Yet

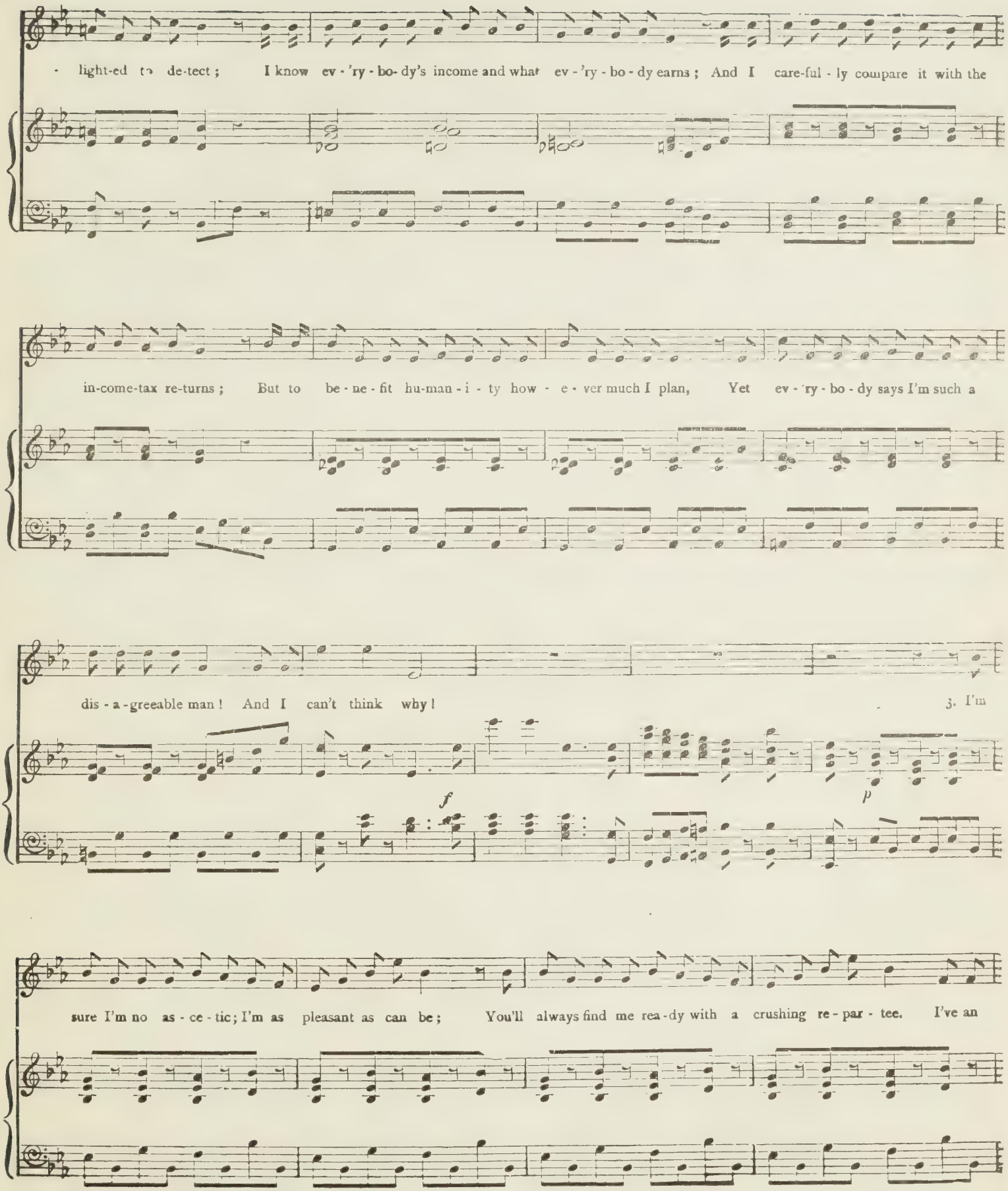
ev - 'ry bo - dy says I'm such a dis - a - greeable man! And I can't think why!

f

2. To com-pliments in - fla - ted I've a wi-ther-ing re ply, And va - ni - ty I al - ways do my

p

best to mor - ti - fy; A cha - ri - ta - ble ac- tion I can skil- ful - ly dis-sect; And in - ter - est - ed mo-tives I'm de -


light-ed to de-tect; I know ev-'ry-bo-dy's income and what ev-'ry-bo-dy earns; And I care-ful-ly compare it with the
in-come-tax re-turns; But to be-ne-fit hu-man-i-ty how-e-ver much I plan, Yet ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a
dis-a-greeable man! And I can't think why!
3. I'm
f
p
sure I'm no as-ce-tic; I'm as pleasant as can be; You'll always find me rea-dy with a crushing re-par-tee. I've an

ir - ri - tat - ing chuckle, I've a ce - le - bra - ted sneer, I've an en - ter - tain - ing snig - ger, I've a fas - cin - a - ting leer. To

ev - 'ry - bo - dy's pre - ju - dice I know a thing or two; I can tell a wo - man's age in half a minute—and I do. But al -

- though I try to make my - self as plea - sant as I can, Yet ev - 'ry - bo - dy says I am a dis - a - greeable man! And I

can't think why! I can't think why!

CHORUS. GIRLS.

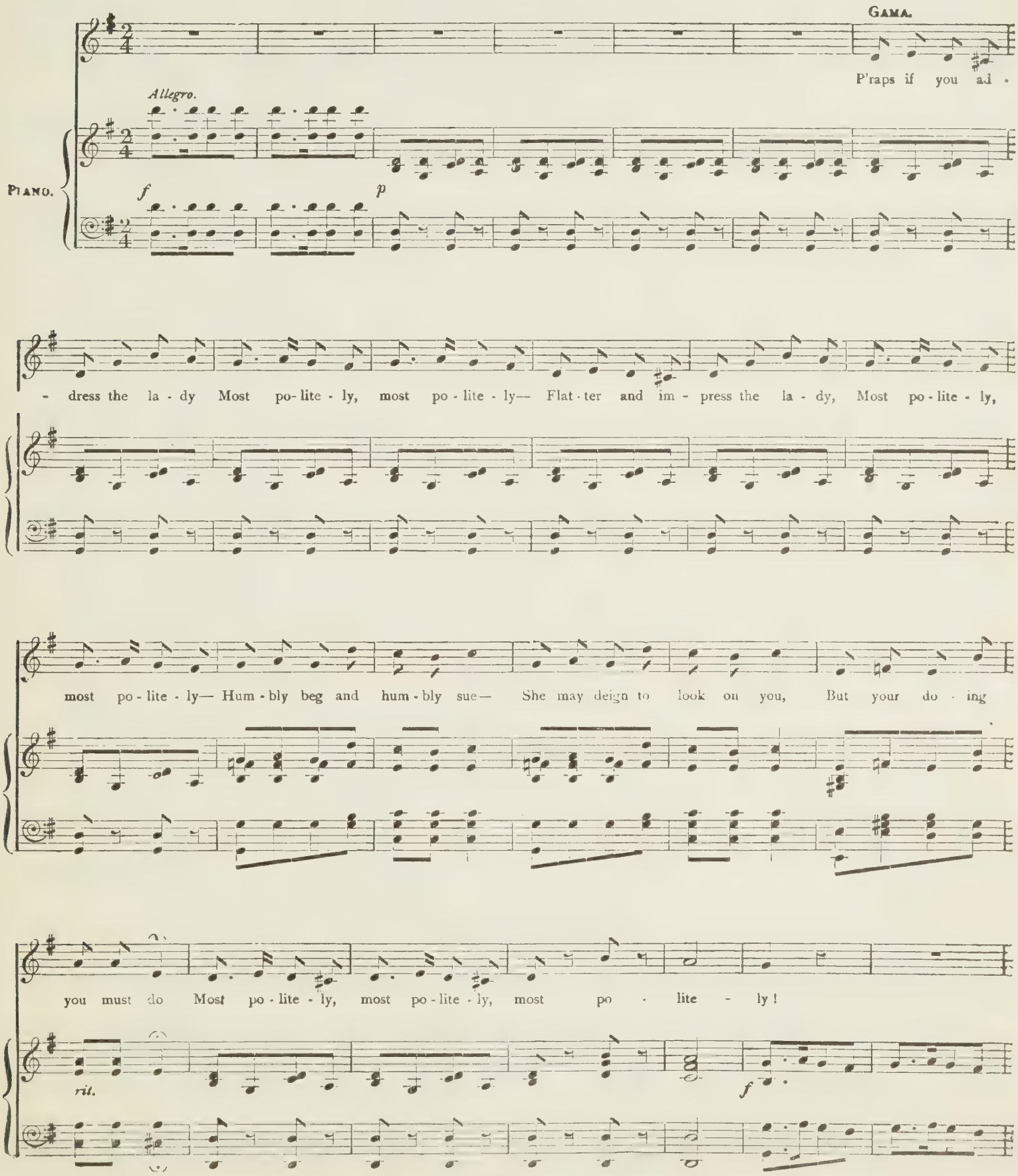
He can't think why! He can't think why!

MEN.

He can't think why! He can't think why!

f *f*

No. 7. FINALE—(Gama, Hildebrand, Hilarion, Cyril, Florian, & Chorus of Girls & Men).



GIRLS.

Hum-bly beg and hum bly sue— She may deign to look on you, But your do - ing you must do

MEN.

Hum-bly beg and hum - bly sue — She may deign to look on you, But your do - ing you must do

Most po- lite - ly, most po- lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!

Most po- lite - ly, most po- lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!

HILDEBRAND.

2. Go you, and in - form the la - dy, Most po - lite - ly, most po - lite - ly, If she don't, we'll storm the la - dy,

Most po - lite - ly, most po - lite - ly! You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear,

We will hang you, ne - ver fear, Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite ly!

rit. . . .

f

GIRLS.

You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear, We will hang you, ne - ver fear,

MEN.

You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear, We will hang you, ne - ver fear,

Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!

RECIT. HILARION.

Come, Cy ril,

Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!

RECIT.

f

Flo - ri - an, our course is plain, To-mor - row morn fair I - da we'll en

f

a tempo.

- gage; But we will use no force her love to gain, Na - ture,

a tempo.

na - ture has arm'd us for the war we wage! Ex-pres-sive

Allegretto grazioso.

p

glan - ces Shall be our lan - ces, And pops of Sil - le - ry Our light ar - til - le - ry. We'll storm their bow - ers With scent-ed

CHORUS. GIRLS.

p

show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers That we can buy! Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen-tle

MEN. *p*

Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen-tle

p

heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re -

heigh- o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re

CYRIL.

- ly! . . When day is fa - ding With se - re - na - ding And such fri - vo - li - ty We'll prove our qual - i ty. A sweet pro -

- ly! . .

p

- - fu - sion Of soft al - 'u - sion This bold in - tru - sion Shall jus - ti - fy, This bold in - tru - sion shall jus - ti -

GIRLS. CHORUS.

- fy. . Oh dain - ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle

MEN.

Oh dain - ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle

p

FLORIAN.

sigh, On sweet ur - ba - ni ty, Tho' mere in a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . . We'll charm their

sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! .

sen - ses With ver- bal fen - ces, With bal-lads a - ma - to - ry And de - cla- ma - to - ry. Lit- tle heed - ing Their pret-ty

p

plead - ing Our love ex - ceed - ing We'll jus - ti - fy! Our love ex - ceed- ing We'll jus ti - fy! . . .

CHORUS. GIRLS.

. . . Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh-o - let! (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur -

MEN.

Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh-o - let! (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur -

p

Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fragrant

- ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . . Oh

TENORS.

BASSES. Oh

- ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . .

HILARION & CYRIL.

Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra-grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle

FLORIAN.

vi - o - let! Oh gen-tle heigh-o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). . .

Oh gen - tle

p

dain - ty tri - o - let! . . Oh fra - grant

p

dain - ty tri - o - let! . . Oh fra - grant

heigh-o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). *f* Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!

heigh- o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). *f* Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!

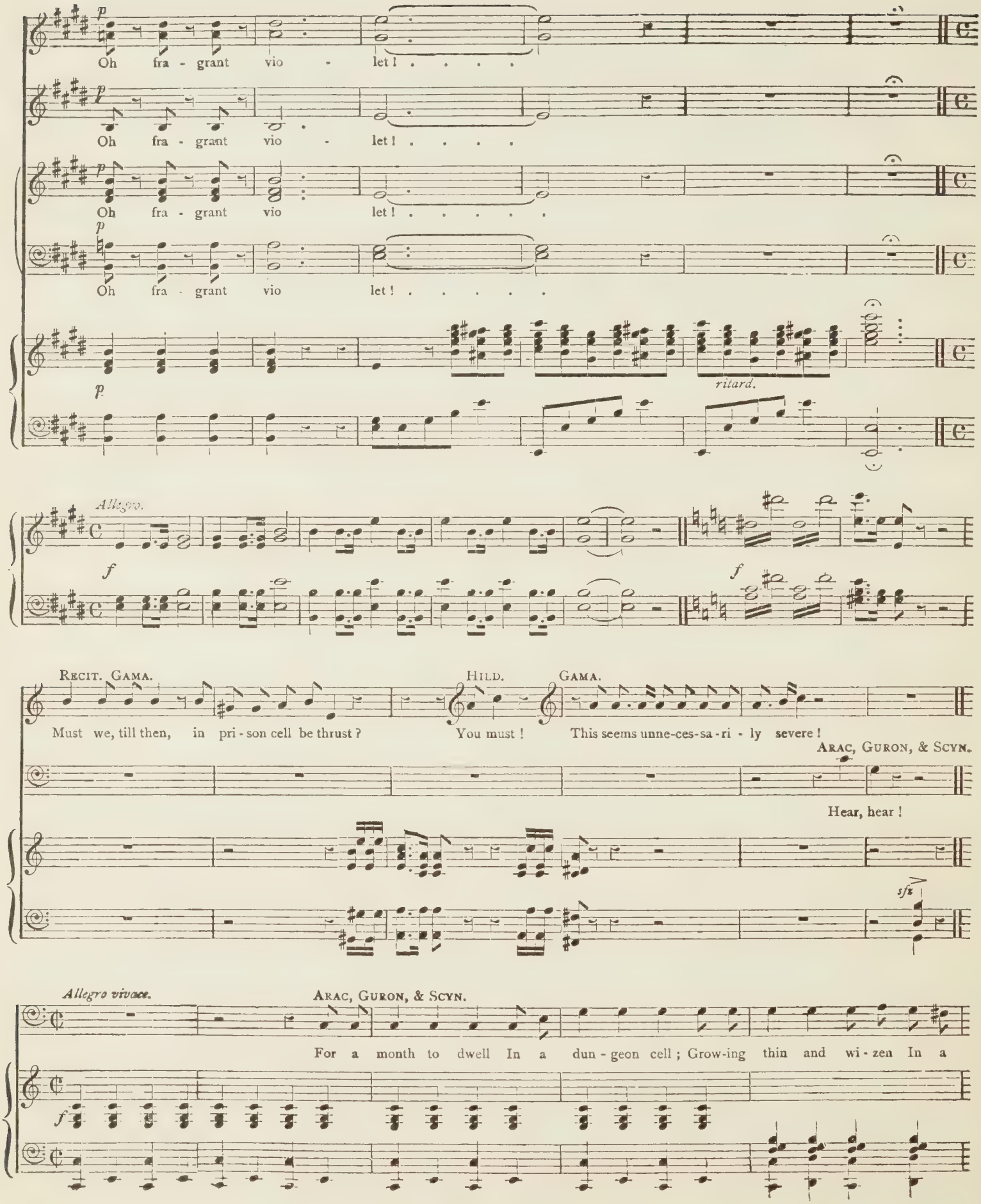
p *f*

vi - - o - let! Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!

p *f*

vi o - let! Oh dain-ty tri - - - o - let! . . . Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!

p *f*


p
Oh fra - grant vio - let! . . . . .
Oh fra - grant vio - let! . . . . .
Oh fra - grant vio let! . . . . . .
Oh fra - grant vio let! . . . . . .
p
ritard.
Allegro.
f
RECIT. GAMA.
Must we, till then, in pri - son cell be thrust?
HILD.
You must!
GAMA.
This seems unne-ces-sa-ri - ly severe!
ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
Hear, hear!
sfz
Allegro vivace.
ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
For a month to dwell In a dun - geon cell; Grow-ing thin and wi - zen In a
f

so - li - ta - ry pri - son, Is a poor look out For a sol - dier stout, Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a

com - pli - ca - ted bat - tle—Yes, is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—For the rum - tum - tum Of the

Principals with CHORUS.

ff GIRLS, HILARION, & CYRIL.

The rum - tum - tum Of the mil - li - ta - ry drum, Rum -

MEN, GAMA, FLOR., HILD., ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.

ff

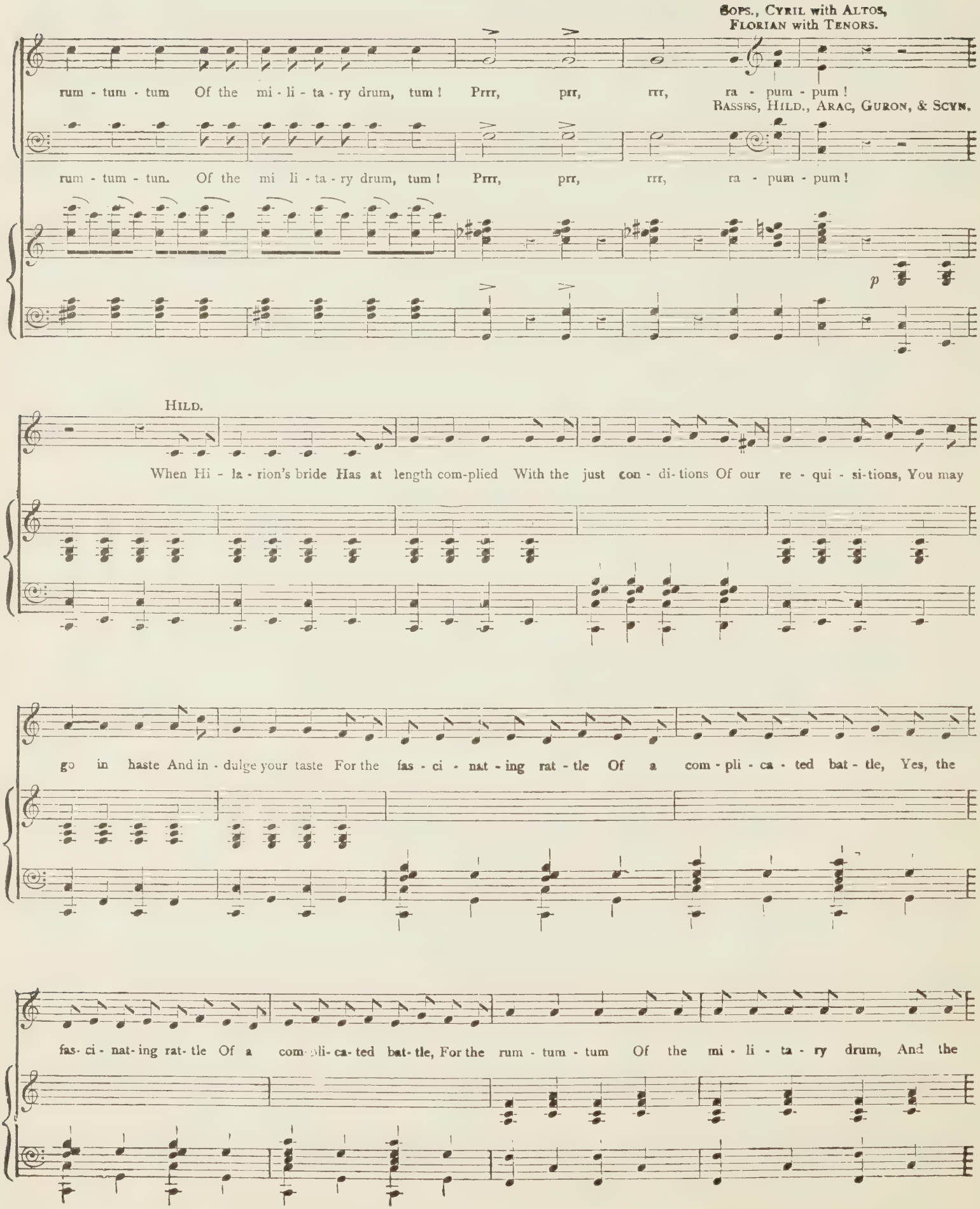
mil-li - ta - ry drum, And the guns that go boom ! boom ! The rum - tum - tum Of the mil - li - ta - ry drum, Rum

cres.

ff

- tum - tum - tum-my-tum-my - tum-my- tum-my-tum ! Who is long-ing for the rat- tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat- tle—And the

- tum - tum - tum-my-tum-my tum-my-tum-my-tum ! Who is long-ing for the rat- tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat- tle—And the


Sops., Cyril with Altos, Florian with Tenors.
rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, tum! Prrr, prr, rrr, ra - pum - pum!
Basses, Hild., Arac, Guron, & Scyn.
rum - tum - tun. Of the mi li - ta - ry drum, tum! Prrr, prr, rrr, ra - pum - pum!
p
Hild.
When Hi - la - rion's bride Has at length com-plied With the just con - di - tions Of our re - qui - si - tions, You may
go in haste And in - dulge your taste For the fas - ci - nat - ing rat - tle Of a com - pli - ca - ted bat - tle, Yes, the
fas - ci - nat - ing rat - tle Of a com - pli - ca - ted bat - tle, For the rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, And the

HILD. TUTTI. *ff*

guns that go boom! boom! The rum tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, Rum -

ff

The rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, Rum -

cres. *ff*

- tum - tum - tummy-tum-my - tum-my-tum-my - tum! Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—And the

- tum - tum - tummy-tum-my - tum-my-tum-my - tum! Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—And the

HILD. & FLORIAN.

pum, pum! But

CYRIL & HILARION.

pum, pum! But

rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta ry drum; Tum, prrr - - rrr - - rrr, ra - pum, pum! But

rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum; Tum, prrr - - rrr - - rrr, ra - pum, pum! But

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time we'll here re - main, And bail they will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

she his man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But

she his man - date dis - o - bey, Our lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But

she our man - date dis - o bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But

she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time we'll here re - main, And bail they will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should

she his man - date dis o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she his man date dis - o -

she his man - date dis - o - bey, Our lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she his man - date dis - o -

she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our man - date dis - o -

she his man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she his man date dis - o

- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . .

- bey, The pen - al - ty our lives . . . . will pay! . . . .

- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . .

- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . . .

End of Act I.

ACT II.

No. 8. CHORUS OF GIRLS—& SOLOS.—(Lady Psyche, Melissa, & Chloe.)

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

f *p* *cres.* *f* *D.*

f GIRLS.

To - wards the em - py - re - an heights . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, We've ta - ken sev - 'ral

f

To - wards the em - py - re - an heights . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, We've ta - ken sev - 'ral

con 8ve.

ea - sy flights, . . And mean to take some more. In try - ing to a - chieve suc - cess . . No en -

ea - sy flights, . . And mean to take some more. In try - ing to a - chieve suc - cess . . No en -

- vy racks our heart, And all the knowledge we pos-sess, . . We mu-tual - ly im-part.

- vy racks our heart, And all the knowledge we pos-sess, . . We mu-tual - ly im-part.

p

SOLO. MELISSA.

Pray what au - thors should she read Who in Clas - sics would suc - ceed?

p *p* *staccato.*

SOLO. PSYCHE.

If you'd climb . . . the He - li - con, You should read A - na - cre-on,

O - vid's Me - ta - mor - pho-ses, Like - wise A - ris - to - pha - nes, And the works of Ju - ve - nal:

These are worth at - ten - tion, all; But, if

pp

you will be ad - vised, You will get them Bow - dlerized!

CHORUS.

Ah! we will get them Bow - dlerized!

f *mf*

SOLO. SACHARISA.

Pray you tell us, if you can, What's the thing that's known as Man?

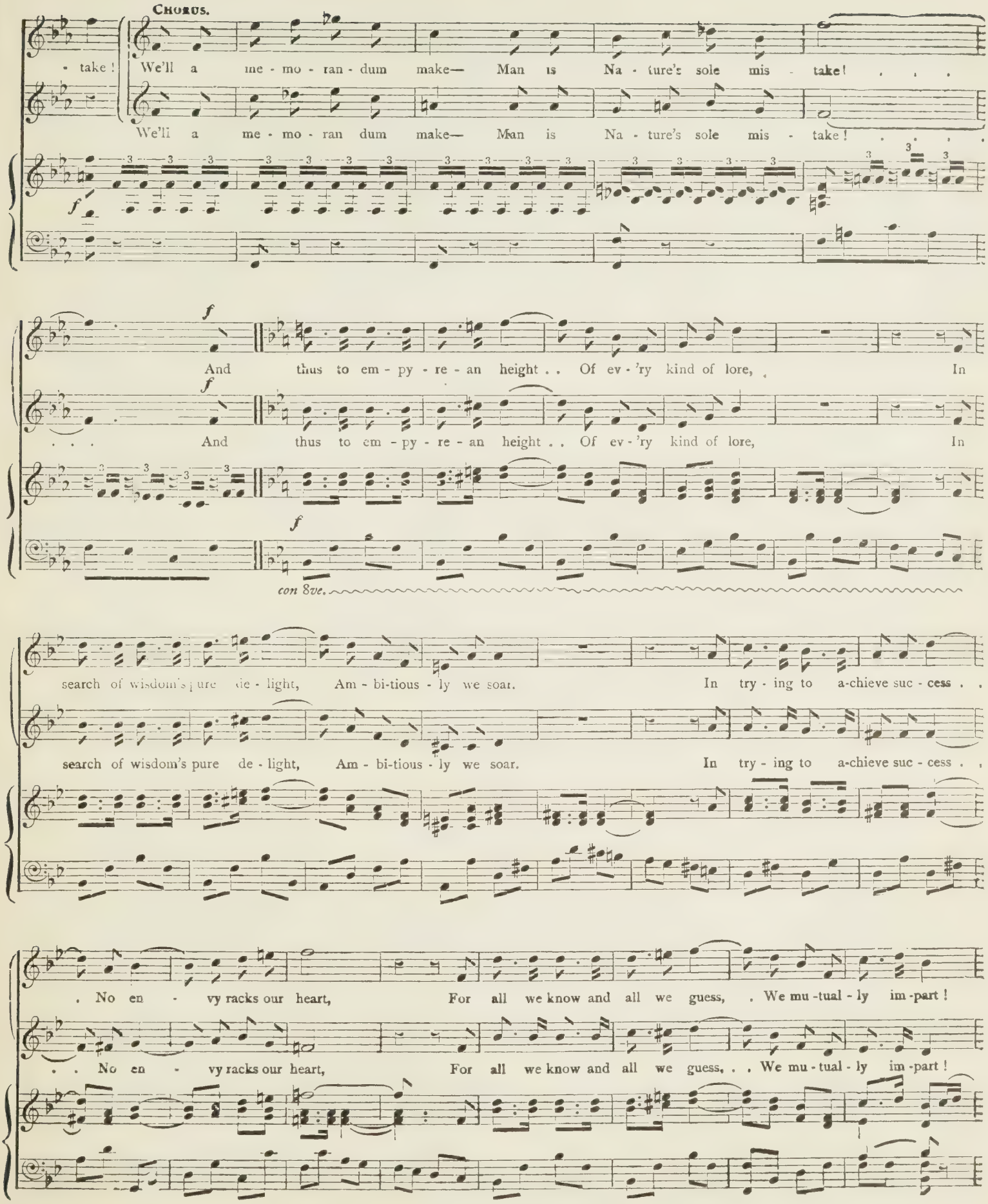
SOLO. PSYCHE.

Man will swear and Man will storm—

Man is not at all good form— . . Man is of no kind of use— Man's a don-key—Man's a goose—

Man is coarse and Man is plain— Man is more or less in-sane— Man's a ri-bald—Man's a rake, Man is Na-ture's sole mis -

cres.


Chorus.
take! We'll a me - mo - ran - dum make— Man is Na - ture's sole mis - take! . . .
We'll a me - mo - ran dum make— Man is Na - ture's sole mis - take! . . .
f
And thus to em - py - re - an height . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, In
. . . And thus to em - py - re - an height . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, In
con 8ve.
search of wisdom's pure de - light, Am - bi-tious - ly we soar. In try - ing to a-chieve suc - cess . .
search of wisdom's pure de - light, Am - bi-tious - ly we soar. In try - ing to a-chieve suc - cess . .
. No en - vy racks our heart, For all we know and all we guess, . We mu - tual - ly im - part!
. . No en - vy racks our heart, For all we know and all we guess, . . We mu - tual - ly im - part!

And all the know-ledge we pos - sess, We mu - tual - ly im - part, . We mu - tual -

And all the know-ledge we pos - sess, We mu - tual - ly im - part, . . . We mu - tual -

- ly . . im - part, . . im - part.

- ly . . im - part, . . im - part.

f

No. 9. CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Andante. GIRLS.

Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion, Pa - ra-gon of common sense,

Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion, Pa - ra-gon of common sense,

Andante.

PIANO.

p

Running fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence. We are

Running fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, We are blind, and we would see;

fp

bound, and would be free; We are dumb, and we would talk; We are lame, and we would walk.

We are dumb, and we would talk; We are lame, and we would walk.

fp

Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion—Pa - ra - gon of com - mon sense; Run - ning fount of e - ru - di - tion—

Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion—Pa - ra - gon of com - mon sense; Run - ning fount of e - ru - di - tion—

tremolo.

p

8va. bassa.

Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, of e - - lo - - quence!

Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, of e - - lo - - quence!

No. 10. RECITATIVE & ARIA.—(Princess.)

PRINCESS.

Mi - ner - va! Mi - ner - va! O hear

PIANO.

p

Andante espressivo.

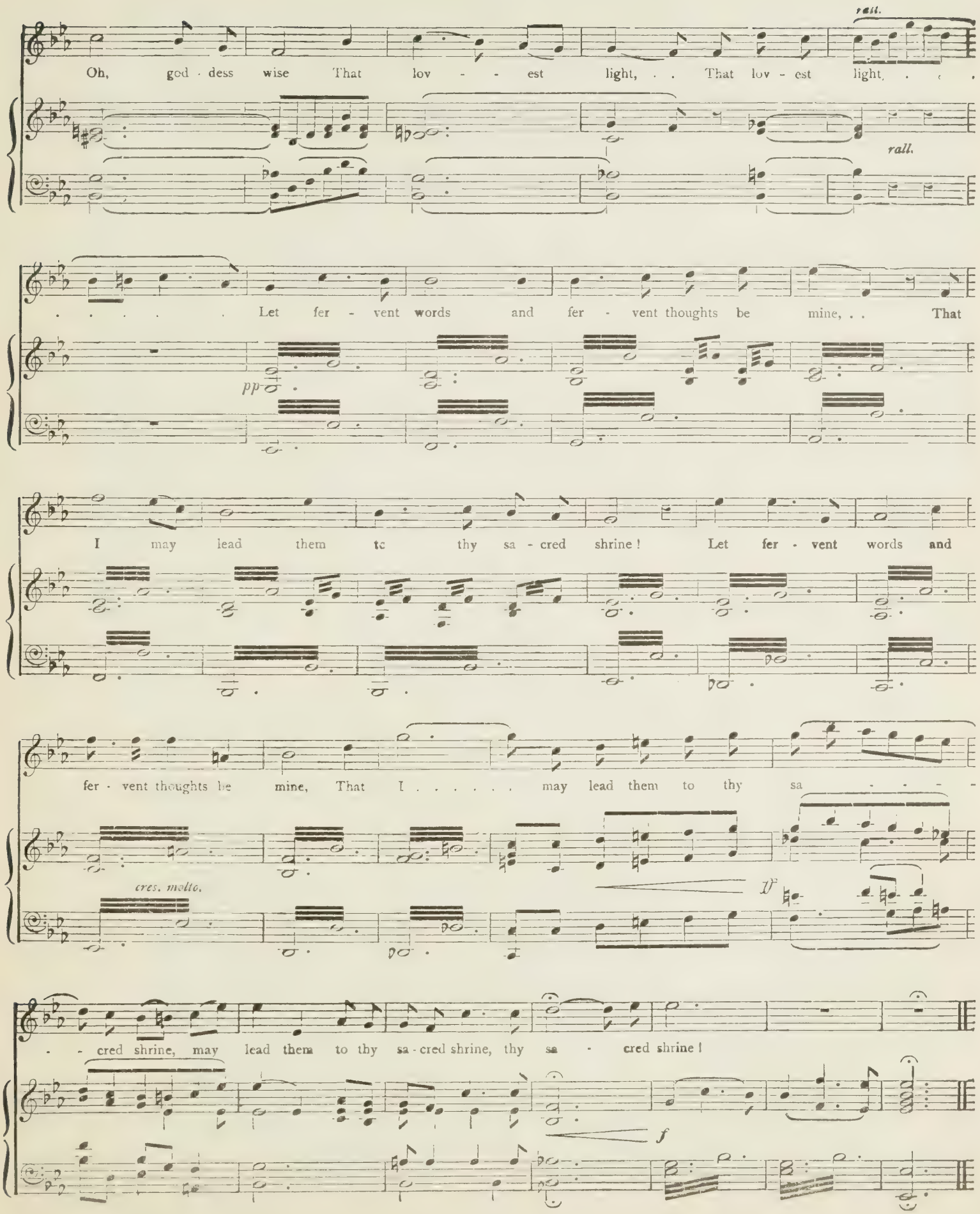
me: Oh, god - dess wise That lov - est light, En -

p

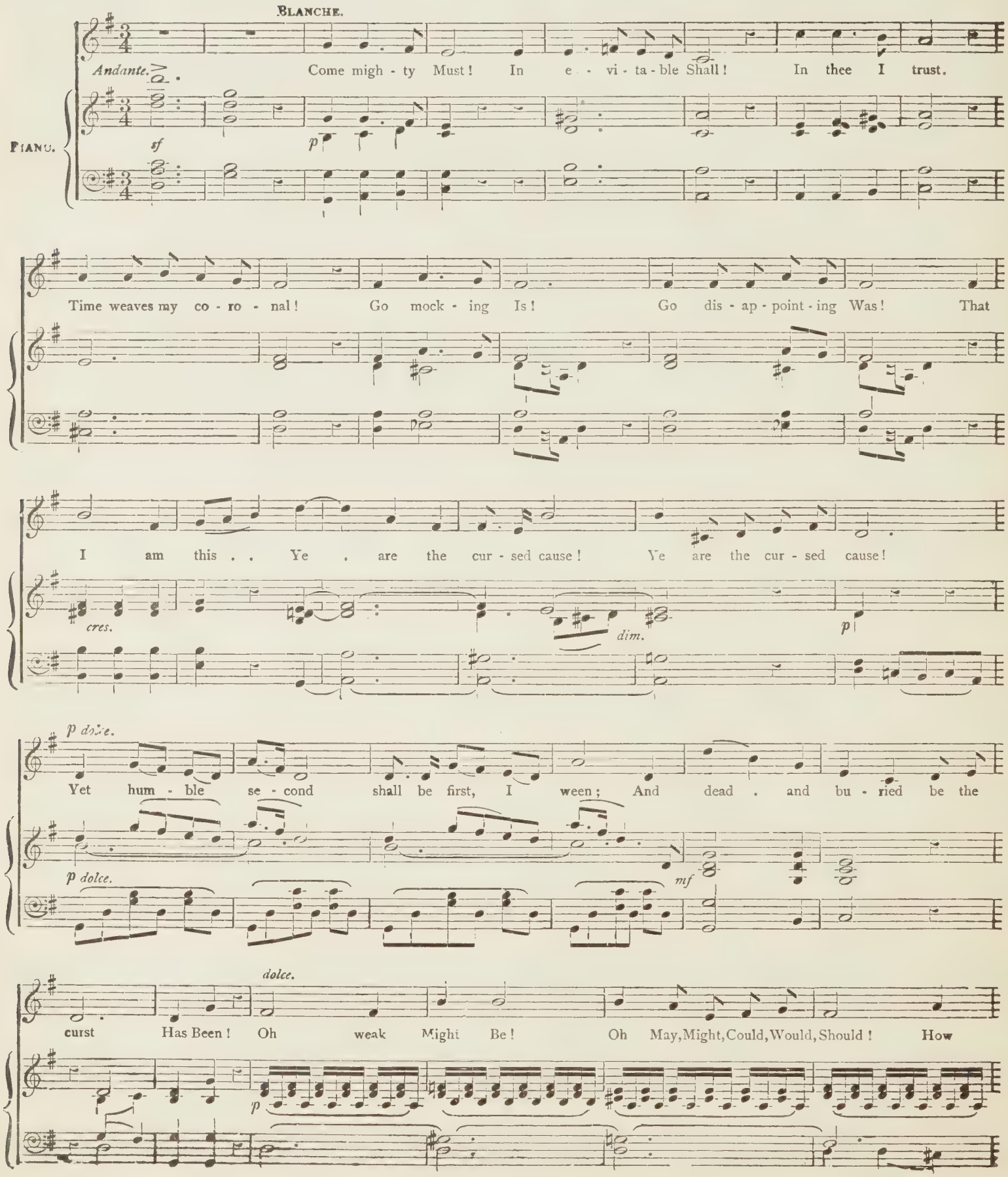
- dow with sight Their un - il - lumin'd eyes. At this my call, A

fer - vent few Have come to woo The rays that from thee fall, ... that from thee fall.

cres. *dim.*


rall.
Oh, god - dess wise That lov - - est light, . . That lov - est light, . . .
rall.
. . . . . Let fer - vent words and fer - vent thoughts be mine, . . That
pp
I may lead them to thy sa - cred shrine! Let fer - vent words and
fer - vent thoughts be mine, That I . . . . . may lead them to thy sa - - - -
cres. molto.
V
- - cred shrine, may lead them to thy sa - cred shrine, thy sa - cred shrine!
f

No. 11. SONG.—(Blanche.)



pow'r - less ye For e - vil or for good! In ev - 'ry

sense Your moods I cheer-less call, What - e'er your tense Ye

dolce.

are Im - per - fect, all! Ye have de - ceiv'd the trust I've shown In

p dolce.

ye! Ye have de - ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! I've shown in ye! A - way! . . .

più f *f*

. . . The Migh - ty Must a - lone shall be!

f

No. 12. TRIO—(Hilarion, Cyril, & Florian).

Allegro con moto.

PIANO.

p *p*

cres.

f *dim.*

HILARION, CYRIL, & FLORIAN.

p

Gen - tly, gen - tly, Ev - i - dent - ly We are safe so far, Af - ter scal - ing Fence and

FLORIAN.

pal - ing, Here, at last, we are! In this col - lege Use - ful know-ledge Ev - 'ry where . . . one . . . .

finds, . . And al rea - dy Grow - ing stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds.

CYRIL.

We've learnt that prick - ly cac - tus Has the pow - er to at - tract us When we fall.

HILARION & FLORIAN.

When we fall!

HILARION.

That no - thing man un - set - tles Like a bed of sting - ing net - tles, Short or tall. Short or tall!

CYRIL & FLORIAN.

Short or tall!

FLORIAN.

That bull-dogs feed on throttles—That we don't like broken bot - tles On a wall— On a wall.

HILARION & CYRIL.

On a wall.

HILARION.

That spring-guns brea'he de- fi-ance! And that bur-glary 's a

HILARION & CYRIL. FLORIAN.

sci - ence Af - ter all! Af - ter all! A Woman's col-lege! maddest fol - ly go - ing!

p

What can girls learn with- in its walls worth know - ing? I'll lay a

tr

crown (the Prin - cess shall de - cide it) I'll teach them twice as much in half - an -

tr

RECIT. HILARION. *a tempo.*

- hour out - - side it! Hush, scof - fer; ere you sound your pu-ny thun -der,

RECIT. *a tempo.*

List to their aims, and bow your head in won - der! They in - tend to send a wire To the

pp

CYRIL & FLORIAN. HILARION. CYRIL & FLORIAN. HILARION.

moon— to the moon; And they'll set the Thames on fire Ve ry soon— ve - ry soon; Then they

CYRIL & FLORIAN. HILARION.

learn to make silk pur - ses With their rigs— with their rigs From the ears of La - dy Cir - ce's Pig - gy -

CYRIL & FLORIAN. HILARION. CYRIL & FLORIAN. HILARION.

- wigs— pig - gy - wigs. And wea - zels at their slum - bers They tre - pan— they tre - pan; To get

CYRIL & FLOR . HILARION.

sun-beams from cu *cum*-bers, They ve a plan—they've a plan. They've a firm - ly root - ed no - tion They can

TUTTI.

cross the Po - lar O-cean, And they'll find Per-pe-tual Mo-tion, If they can— if they can.

HILARION

These are the phe - no me na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U ni - ver - si -

CYRIL.

These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si

FLORIAN.

These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si

p

- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see!

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see! As for

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see!

f *p*

HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.

fa - shion, they for - swear it, So they say— so they say— And the cir - cle—they will square it Some fine

HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL. HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.

day— some fine day. Then the lit - tle pigs they're teach - ing For to fly— for to fly; And the

HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.

nig - gers they'll be bleach - ing, By and bye— By and bye! Each new - ly joined as - pi - rant To the

HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL. HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.

clan— to the clan— Must re - pu - di - ate the ty - rant Known as Man— known as Man— They

mock at him and flout him, For they do not care a - bout him, And they re going to do with - out him If they

if they can ! These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

can— if they can ! These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

if they can ! These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

p

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That

hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That

f

ev - 'ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see ! In this

f

ev - ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see ! In this

f

ev - 'ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see ! In this

f

col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al - rea - dy Grow ing

col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev - 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al - rea - dy Grow - ing

col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev - 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al rea - dy Grow - ing

stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our

stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our

stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our

f

minds.

minds.

minds.

ff

No. 13. TRIO.—(Hilarion, Cyril, & Florian.)

Allegro vivace

PIANO

ff *dim.*

HILARION.

1. I am a mai - den, cold and state-ly, Heart-less I, with a face di vine.

p

What do I want with a heart, in - nate - ly? Ev - 'ry heart I meet is mine!

Ev - ry heart . . . . I meet is mine— is mine! . . . .

CYRIL.

Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I - what maid may be.

HILARION.

Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.

FLORIAN.

Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.

p sempre.

So that a maid . . is fair . . . to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

tr *f*

ff *dim.*

CYRIL.

2. I am a mai - den frank and sim - ple, Brimming with joy - - ous . . . ro-gue-ry;

p

Mer - ri-ment lurks in ev - 'ry dim - ple, No - bo-dy breaks more hearts than I!

No - bo-dy breaks . . . . more hearts, more hearts than I! . . . .

Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

sempre p

So that a maid . . is fair . . . to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!

tr

f

ff

dim.

FLORIAN.

3. I am a mai-den coy-ly blush-ing, Ti-mid am I as a star-tled hind;

p

Ev - ry suit or sets me flush - ing, Ev - 'ry suit - or sets me flush - ing

I am the maid . . . that wins man - - kind ! . . .

p

Haughty, hum - ble, coy, . or free, Lit -tle care I what maid may be.

Haughty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit -tle care I what maid may be.

Haughty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit -tle care I what maid may be.

p

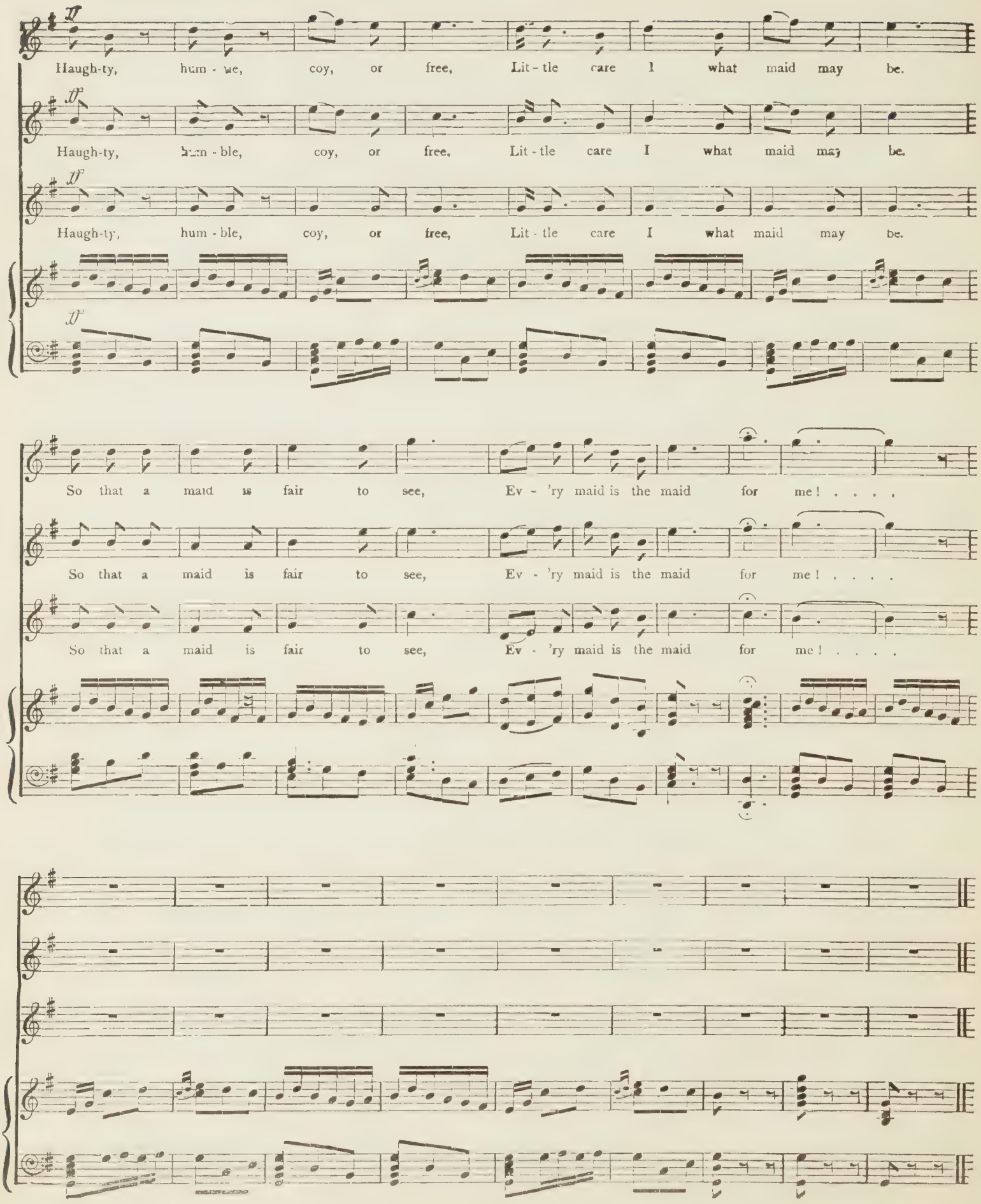
So that a maid . . is fair . . to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !

tr

f


Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .

No. 14. QUARTETT.—(Princess, Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian.)

PRINCESS.

Andante moderato.

The world is but a bro-ken toy, Its

PIANO.

p

plea - sures hol - low— false its joy, Un - real its love - liest hue, A - las! Its pains a - lone are

HILARION.

true, A - las! Its pains a - lone are true. The world is ev - 'ry-thing you say, The

f

world we think has had its day, Its mer - ri-ment is slow, A-las! We've tried it, and we know, A-las! We've

f *dim.*

PRINCESS.

p

Un - real its love - liest hue, . Its pains a - lone are

CYRIL.

p

Un - real its love - liest hue, . Its pains a - lone are

HILARION.

p

tried it, and we know. Un real its love - liest hue, . . Its pains a - lone are

FLORIAN.

p

Un - real its love - liest hue, . Its pains a lone are

p

true, . . A - las! . . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, Its plea - sures hol - low—

true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, We free - ly give it

true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, We free - ly give it

true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, We free - ly give it

con 8va.

p

false its joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! Its pains a-lone are true, A-las! Its pains a-lone are

up with joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! We quite a-gree with you, A-las! We quite a-gree with

up with joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! We quite a-gree with you, A-las! We quite a-gree with

up with joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! We quite a-gree with you, A-las! We quite a-gree with

con 8va.

true, Un real . .

you! Un - real its love-liest hue, A - las! . . . A -

you! Un - real its love-liest hue, Un - real its love-liest hue, A -

you! Un - real its love-liest hue, Un real its love-liest hue, A - las! . . A . .

cres.

. . . its loveliest hue . . A - las! A las! Its pains a - lone . . are true.

- las! A - las! A - las! Its pains a - lone . . are true.

- las! A - las! A - las! Its pains a lone . . are true.

- las! A - las! A - las! Its pains a lone . are true.

dim. *p* *p*

No. 15. SONG—(Lady Psyche, with Hilarion, Cyril, & Florian).

Allegretto grazioso.

PSYCHE.

1. A La - dy fair, of lin - eage high, Was

PIANO.

ff *pesante.* *p*

lov'd by an Ape, in the days gone by— . . . The Maid was ra - diant as the sun, The Ape was a most un - sight-ly one—The

Ape was a most un - sight - ly one— So it would not do— His scheme fell through, For the

p

Maid, when his love took formal shape, Express'd such ter-ror At his monstrous error, That he stammer'd an a - po- lo- gy and made his 'scape, The

picture of a dis-con-cert - ed Ape. 2. With a view to rise in the

ff *pesante.* *p*

so- cial scale, He shav'd his bristles, and he dock'd his tail, . . He grew moustachios, and he took his tub, And he paid a gui-nea to a

toi - let club—And he paid a gui-nea to a toi - let club— But it would not do, The scheme fell through—

p

For the Maid was Beauty's fair - est Queen, With golden tress-es, Like a real prin - cess's, While the Ape, de-spite his

ra - zor keen, Was the A - pi-est Ape that ev - er was seen! 3. He

ff *pesante.* *p*

bought white ties, and he bought dress suits, He cramm'd his feet in to bright tight boots— . . And to start in life on a

bran new plan, He christen'd him - self Dar - win - ian Man! He christen'd him - self Dar - win - ian Man! But it

p

would not do— The scheme fell through, For the Mai-den fair, whom the mon-key crav'd, Was a

ra - diant Be - ing, With a brain far - see-ing—While a Man, how - e - ver well - be - hav'd, At best is on - ly a

mon-key shav'd ! Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far - see-ing—While a Man, how - e - ver

HILARION.

For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far - see-ing—While a Man, how - e - ver

CYRIL.

For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far - see-ing—While a Man, how - e - ver

FLORIAN.

For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far - see-ing—While a Man, how - e - ver

well- be-hav'd, At best is on - ly a mon - key shav'd !

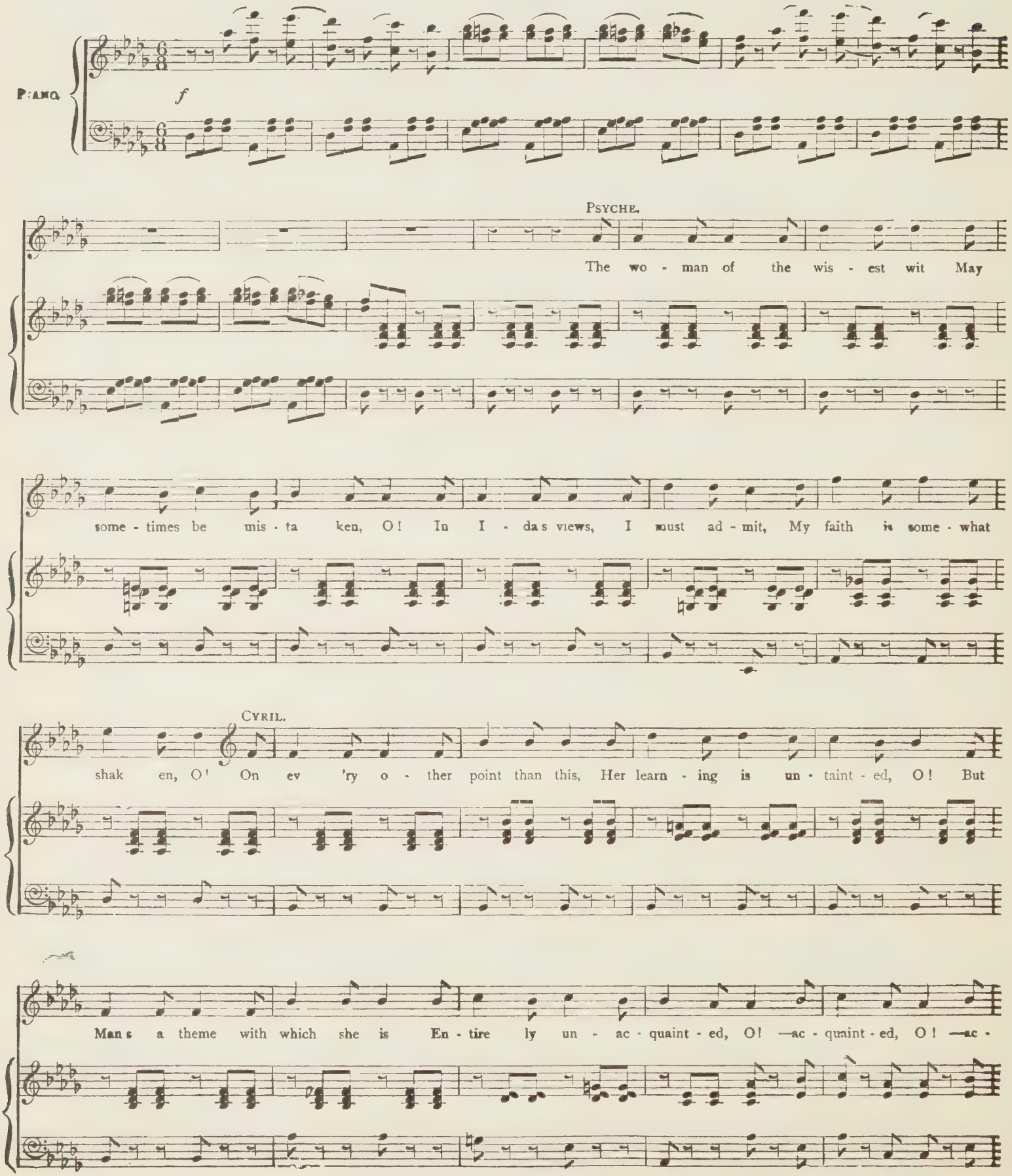
well- be-hav'd, At best is on - ly a mon - key shav'd !

well- be-hav'd, At best is on - ly a mon - key shav'd !

well- be-hav'd, At best is on - ly a mon - key shav'd !

ff

No. 16. QUINTETT (Psyche, Melissa, Hilarion, Cyril, & Florian).



PSYCHE.

Then

MELISSA.

Then

CYRIL.

quaint - ed! O, En - tire - ly un ac - quaint - ed, O!

Then

HILARION.

Then

FLORIAN.

Then

f *p*

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - ry-where— The

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— The

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

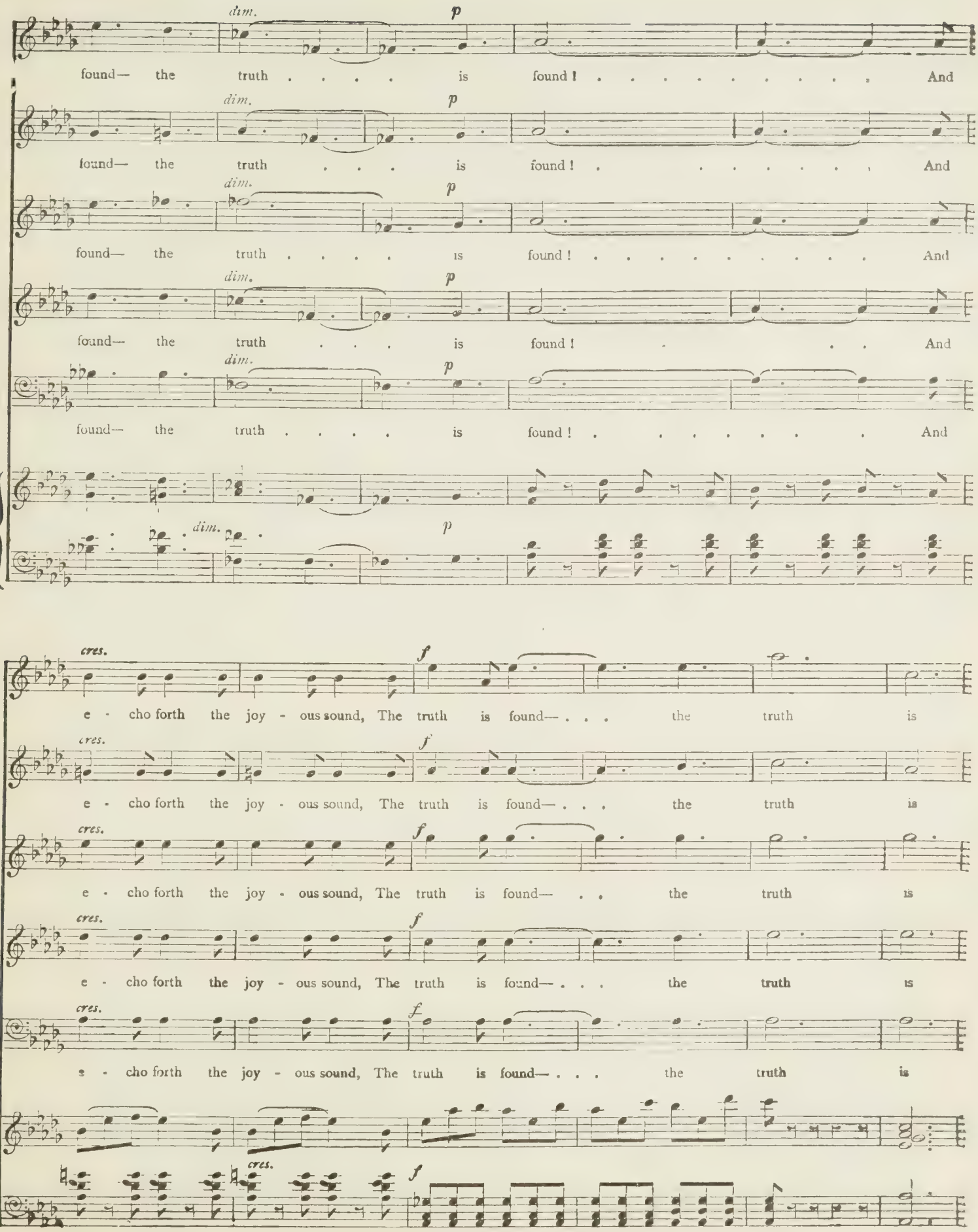
truth is found— the truth is found! The truth . . . is

truth is found— the truth is found! The truth . . . is

truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . . is

truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . . is

truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . . is


dim.
p
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . is found ! . . . And
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
cres.
f
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is

found . .

found !

found ! .

found ! .

found ! . .

MELISSA.

2. My nat - 'ral in stinct teach - es me (And

in - stinct is im - por - tant, O !) You're ev - 'ry- thing you ought to be, And no - thing that you

HILARION.

ought - n't, O! That fact was seen at once by you In ca - sual con - ver - sa - tion, O! Which

is most cred - it a - ble to Your powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O! —ser - va - tion, O! —ser -

PSYCHE.

Then

MELISSA.

Then

CYRIL.

Then

HILARION.

- va - tion, O! Your powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O!

Then

FLORIAN.

Then

f

p

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing

thro the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— The

thro the air— Ring here and there and ev ry where— The

f

thro' the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

f

thro the air— Ring here and there and ev ry where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

f

thro' the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— And e cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

f

truth is found, the truth is found! The truth . . is

truth is found, the truth is found! The truth . . is

truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . is

truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . is

truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . is

dim. *p*

found, The truth . . . is found! . . . And

dim. *p*

found, The truth . . . is found! . . . . . And

dim. *p*

found, The truth . . . . is found! . . . . . And

dim. *p*

found, The truth . . . . is found! . . . . . And

dim. *p*

found, The truth . . . is found! . . . . . And

dim. *p*

cres. f

e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is

cres. f

e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is

cres. f

e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is

cres. f

e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is

cres f

e - cho forth the joy ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is

cres. f

found ! .

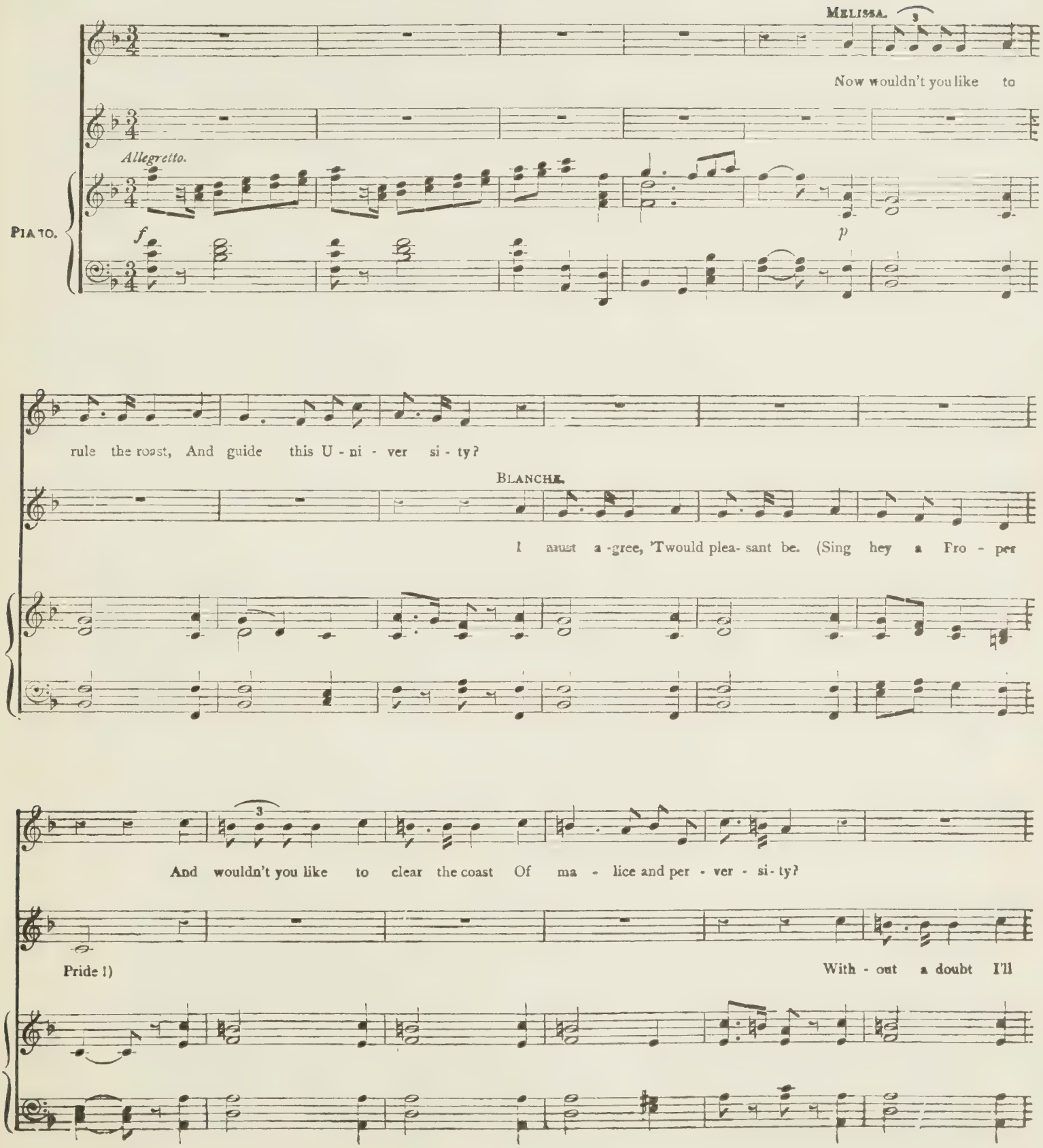
found ! . .

found ! . .

found ! . .

found ! . .

No. 17. DUET--(Melissa & Lady Blanche).



Sing hey! . . . Sing, hoi - ty,

bun-dle 'em out, (Sing hey, when I pre - side!) Sing hey! . . . Sing, hoi - ty,

- toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up and her day will

- toi - ty! Sor ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up and my day will

come! Sing Pro - per Pride Is the horse . . to ride, And Hap - py - go -

come! Sing Pro - per Pride Is the horse . . to ride, And Hap - py - go -

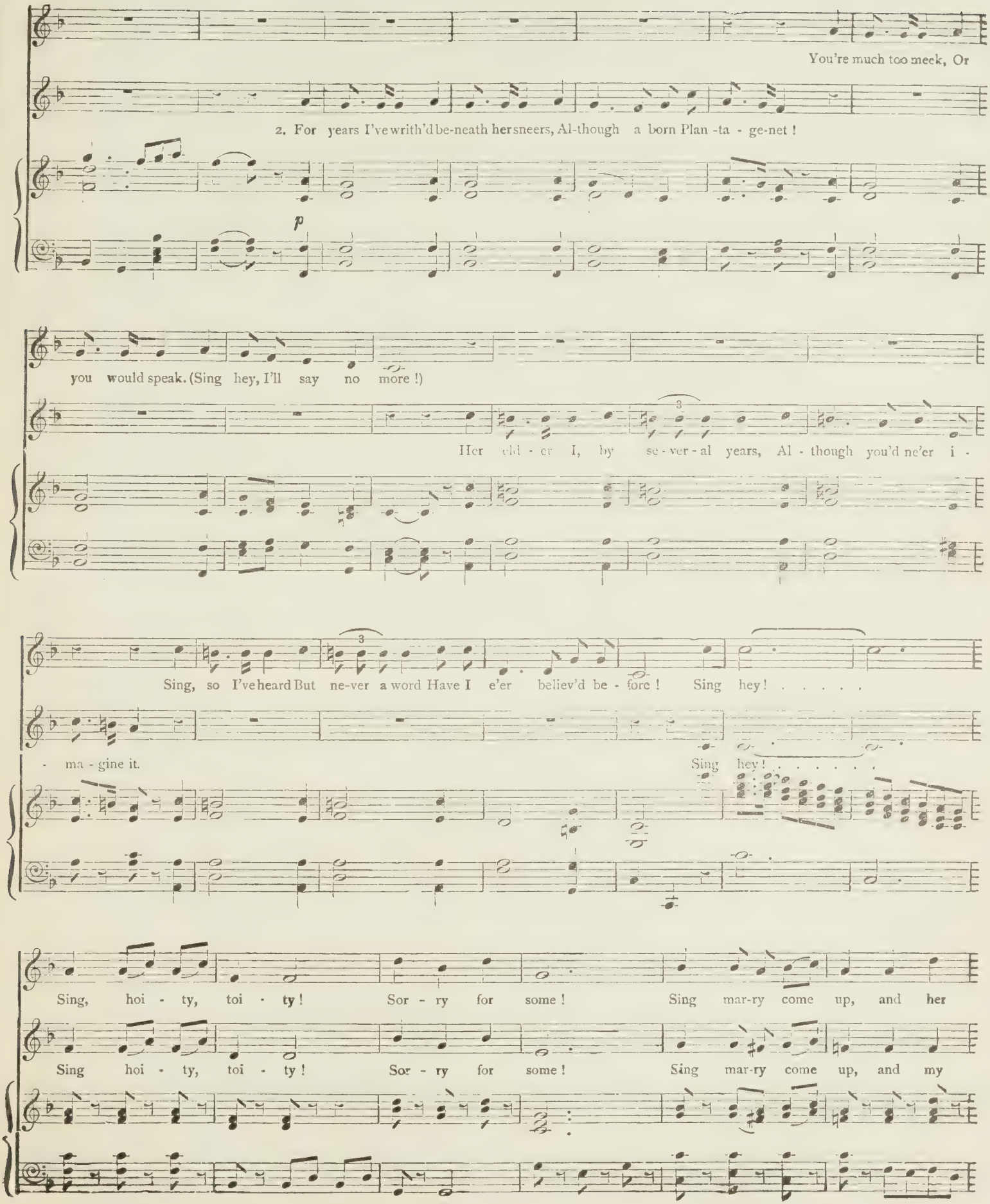
rall.

- luck - y, my La - - - - - dy, O!

- luck - y, my La - - - - - dy, O!

ten.

f


You're much too meek, Or
2. For years I've writh'd be-neath her sneers, Al-though a born Plan -ta - ge-net !
p
you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more !)
Her eld - er I, by se - ver - al years, Al - though you'd ne'er i -
Sing, so I've heard But ne-ver a word Have I e'er believ'd be - fore ! Sing hey ! . . . . .
- ma - gine it.
Sing hey ! . . . . .
Sing, hoi - ty, toi - ty ! Sor - ry for some ! Sing mar-ry come up, and her
Sing hoi - ty, toi - ty ! Sor - ry for some ! Sing mar-ry come up, and my

day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm . . . will turn. Sing

day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm . . . will turn. Sing

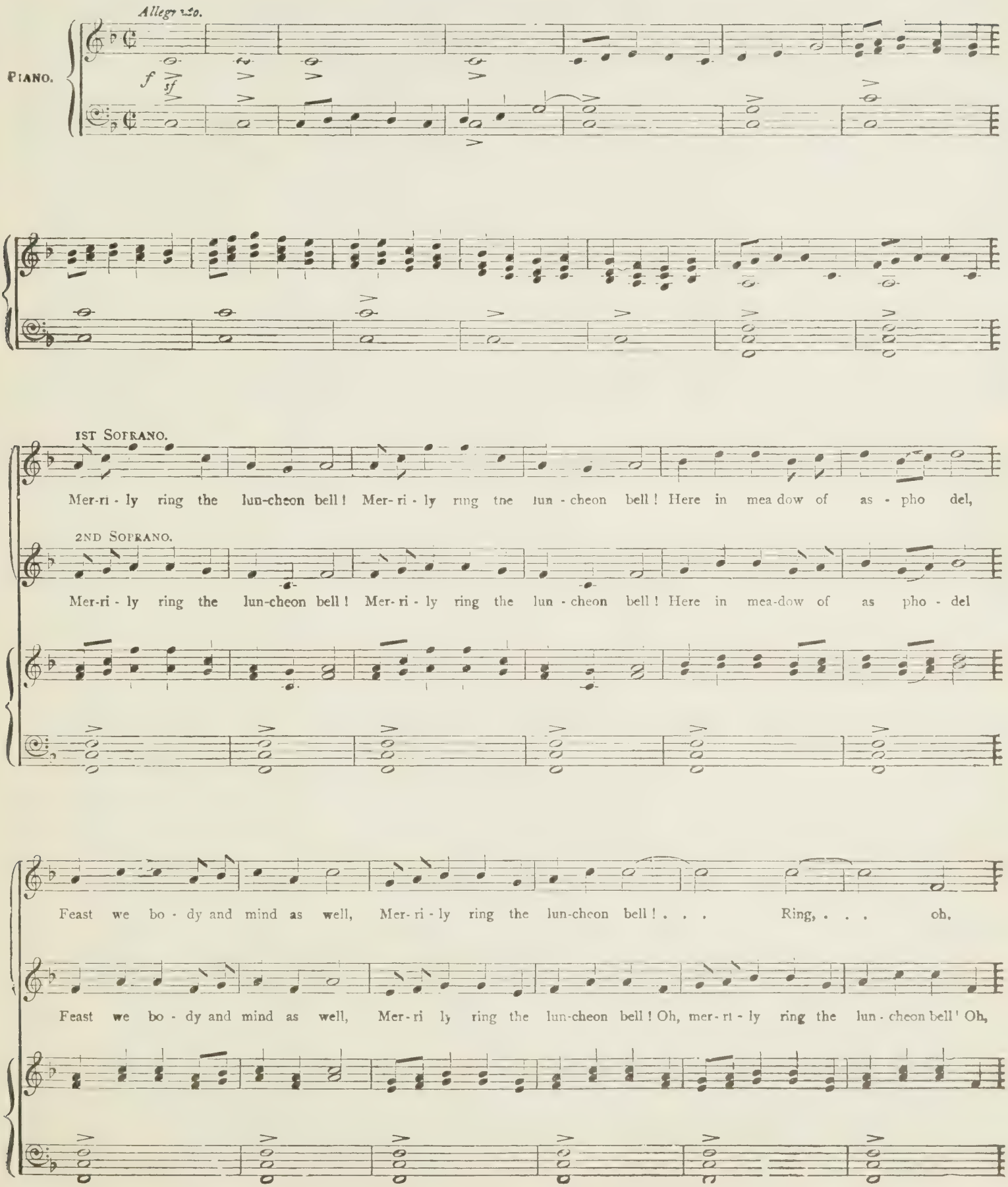
Hap - py - go - luck - y, my La . . . . . dy, O!

Hap - py - go - luck - y, my La . . . . dy, O!

ten.

f

No. 18. CHORUS OF GIRLS & SOLOS—(Blanche & Cyril).



ring, . . . Oh, mer-ri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the lun - cheon bell!

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the lun - cheon bell!

SOLO. BLANCHE.

Hun - ger, I beg to state, Is high - ly in - de - li - cate,

dim. *p*

This is a fact pro-found - ly true, So learn your ap-pe-tites to sub - due.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap - pe-tites to sub - due!

SOLO. CYRIL.

Ma - - dam, your words so wise,

Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap - pe-tites to sub - due!

p

No - bo - dy should de - pise, Curs'd with an ap - pe - tite keen I am, And

I'll sub - due it— I'll sub - due it— I'll sub - due it

with cold roast lamb!

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb! Mer - ri - ly ring the

Yes, yes, We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb! Mer - ri - ly ring the

cres. *f*

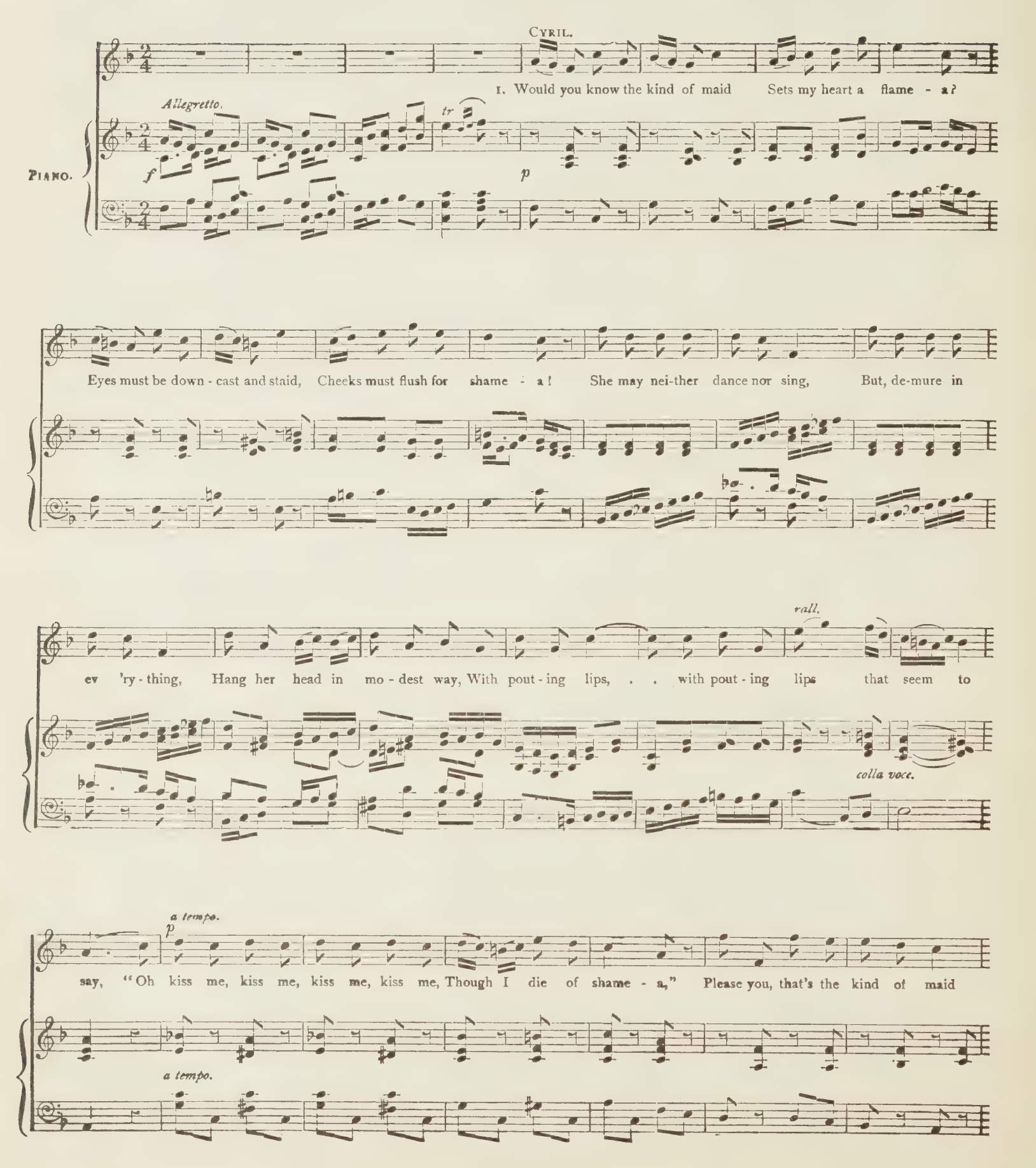
luncheon bell! Mer - ri - ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh ring! . . . . Oh mer- ri - ly ring the

luncheon bell! Mer ri - ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, Mer- ri - ly ring the

lun-cheon bell, the lun - - - cheon bell!

lun-cheon bell, the lun - - - cheon bell!

No. 19. SONG—(Cyril).



Sets my heart a - flame - a! "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame - a," Please you, that's the

cres. *f*

kind of maid Sets my heart a flame - a!

f *tr*

2. When a maid is bold and gay, With a tongue goes clang - a, Flaunting it in brave ar - ray, Mai-den may go

p

hang - a! Sunflow'r gay and hol - ly - hock Ne - ver shall my gar-den stock; Mine the blush-ing rose of May, With

rall. . . . *p a tempo.*

pout - ing lips, . . . with pout - ing lips that seem . . to say, "Oh kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,

colla voce. *a tempo.*

Though I die of shame - a!" Please you that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a - flame - a! "Kiss me, kiss me,

cres.

kiss me, kiss me, Though I die for shame - a!" Please you that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a -

f

- flame - a!

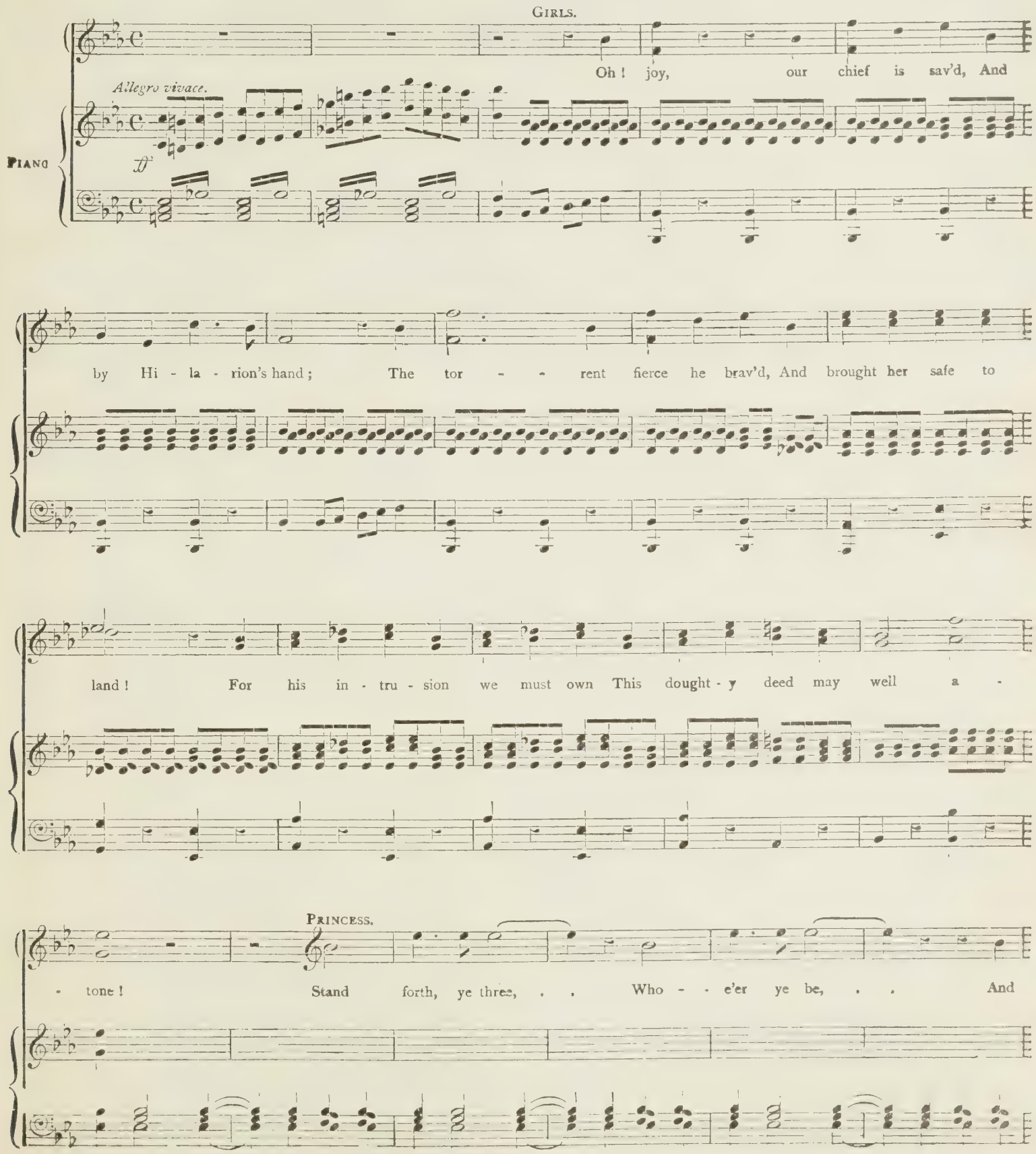
Allegro agitato. (*Dialogue goes on.*)

f *dim.* *p*

(*She's saved.*)

Attacca.

No. 20. FINALE, ACT II—(Princess, Hildebrand, Melissa, Lady Psyche, Blanche, Hilarion, Cyril, Florian, Arac, Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus of Girls & Men.)



PRINCESS.

heark - en to our stern de cree!

CYRIL.

Have mer - cy, O la dy,

HILARION.

Have

FLORIAN.

Have mer - cy, O la - dy,

p

I know not mer - cy, men in wo - men's

dis - re - gard your oaths!

mer - - - cy,

dis - re - gard your oaths!

clothes! The man whose sa - cri - le - gious eyes . . . In - vade our strict se -

RECIT.

clu - sion, dies! Ar - rest these coarse in-tru-ding spies!

GIRLS.

Have mer - cy,

f *p*

la - dy— dis re-gard your oaths.

PRINCESS.

I know not mer - cy,

men in wo - men's clothes!

Andante moderato.

p

HILARION.

Whom thou hast chain'd must wear his chain, Thou

canst not set him free, He wrest - les with his bonds in vain Who lives by lov - ing thee! If

heart of stone for heart of fire, Be all thou hast to give, . . . If dead to me my heart's de - sire, . .

Why should I wish to live? No word of thine—

CYRIL.

p

Have mer - cy, O la - dy! . . . .

FLORIAN.

p

Have mer - cy, O la - dy! . . . .

GIRLS.

p

Have mer - - cy! . . . .

no stern com-mand Can teach my heart to rove, . . Then ra - ther pe - rish by thy hand, Than

live with - out thy love! . . A love - less life a - part from thee Were hope - less sla - ve - ry,

Were hope - - less sla - - ve - ry, If kind - ly death will set me free, . .

Why should I fear to die? . . . . . If kind - ly death will

GIRLS. *pp*

Have mer - cy! Have mer - cy!

set me free, If kind - ly death will set me free, . . Why should I fear, . . . why should I

f

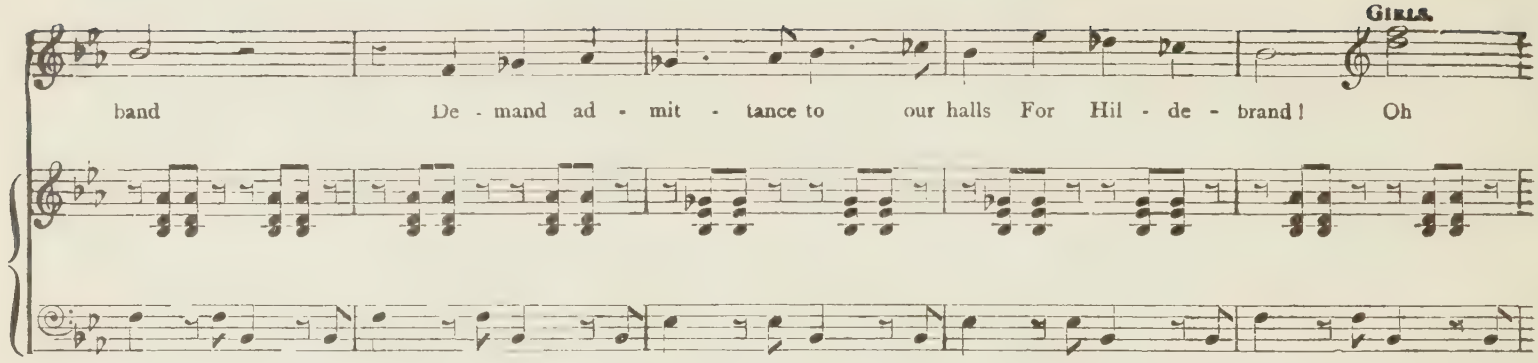
fear to die? . .

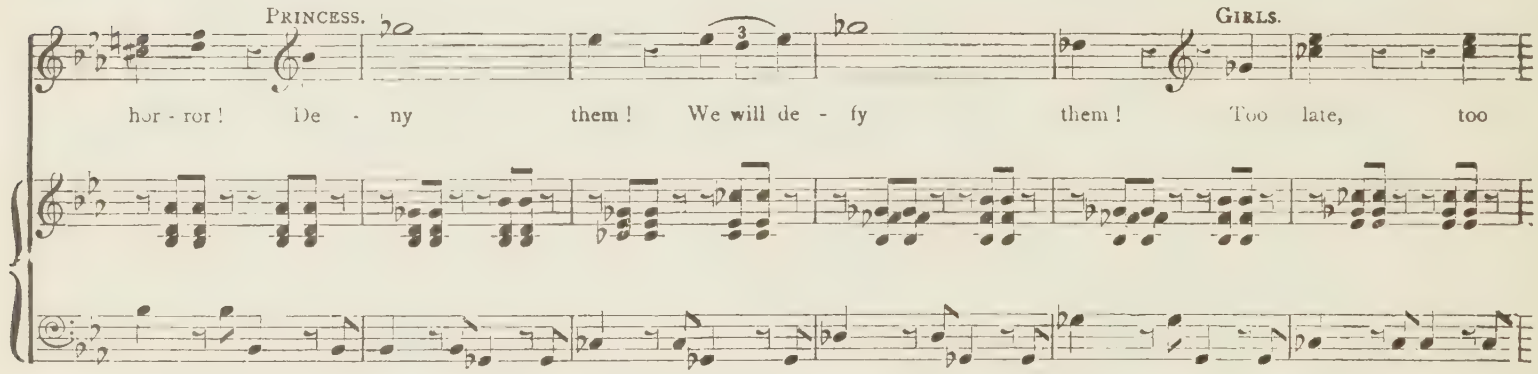
RECIT. MELISSA. *a tempo.*

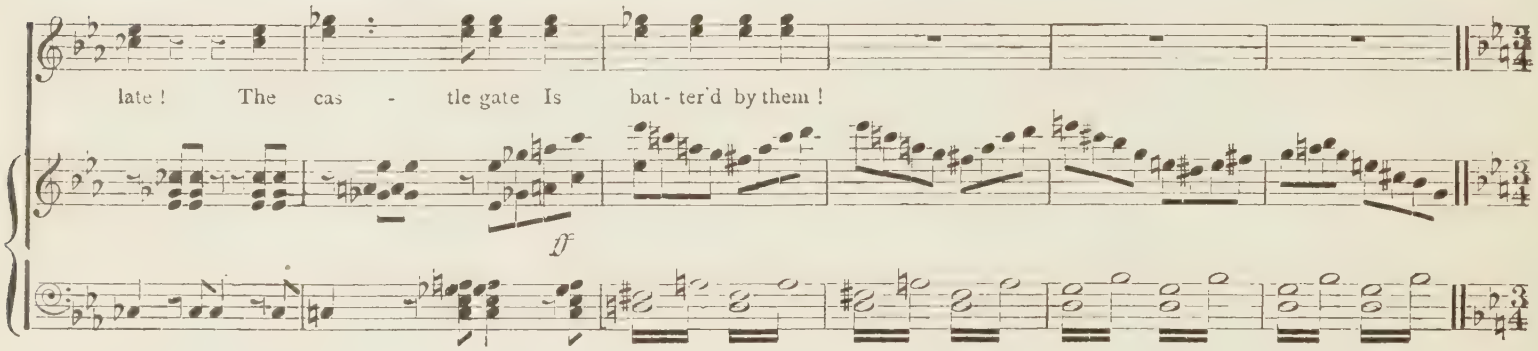
Ma-dam, with - out the cas - - tle walls An arm - ed

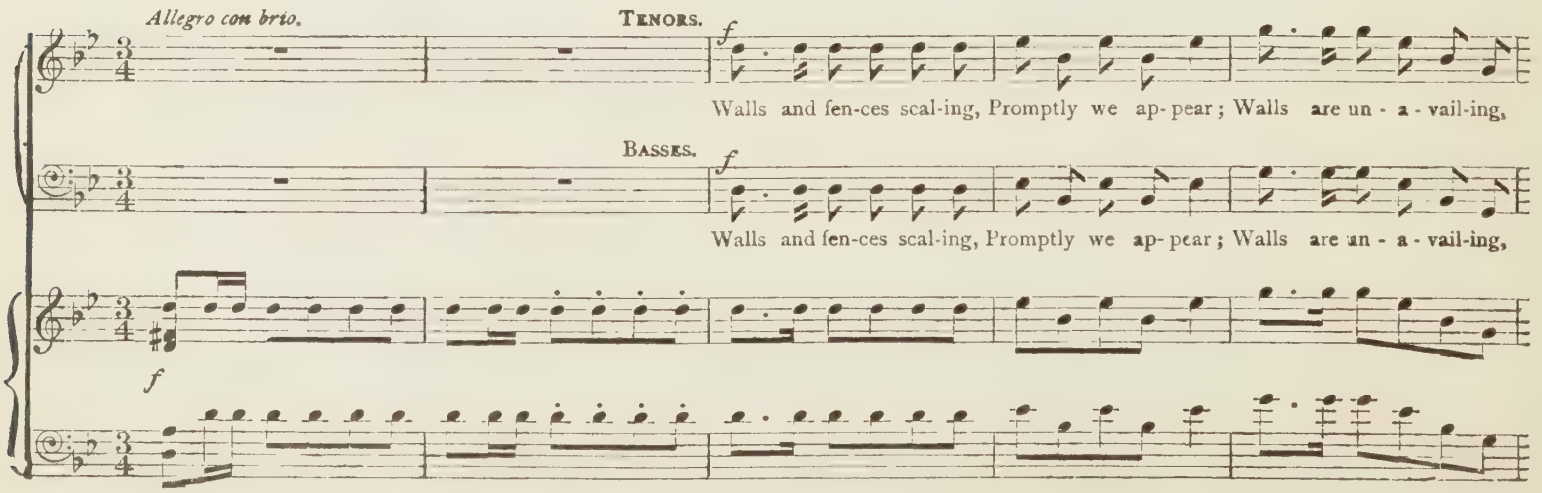
Allegro vivace.

f *p*


Girls.
band De - mand ad - mit - tance to our halls For Hil - de - brand! Oh


Princess.
Girls.
hor - ror! De - ny them! We will de - fy them! Too late, too


late! The cas - tle gate Is bat - ter'd by them!
ff


Allegro con brio.
Tenors.
f
Walls and fen-ces scal-ing, Promptly we ap-pear; Walls are un - a - vail-ing,
Basses.
f
Walls and fen-ces scal-ing, Promptly we ap-pear; Walls are un - a - vail-ing,
f

We have en - ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra- tion Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men- ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh

We have en - ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra- tion Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men- ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh

GIRLS. Rend the air with

stop your la- men - ta - tion, Dry your pret- ty, pret-ty eyes! wail - - - - - - ing,

stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret- ty, pret-ty eyes!

p trem. *f* *dim.*

Shed the shame - ful tear! Man has en - ter'd here, Walls are un - a - vail - -

p *cres.* *f*

- ing! . . . Rend the air with wail - - - - - - - - -

TENORS.

Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt-ly we ap - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing,

BASSES.

Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt-ly we ap - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing,

dim. *p* *f* *dim.*

- ing, Shed . . the shame - ful tear! Man . . . has en - - ter'd here!

We have en-ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra-tion Sti- fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh

We have en-ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra-tion Sti- fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh

p *cres.*

Walls are un a - vail - - - ing, Man has

stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty, pret - ty eyes! Fe - male ex - e - cra - tion Sti - fle if ou're

stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty, pret - ty eyes! Fe - male ex - e - cra - tion Sti - fle if you're

en - - - ter'd . . . . . here! . . . . .

wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! . . . . . .

wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! . . . . . .

RECIT. PRINCESS.

a tempo.

Au - dacious ty-rant, do you dare To beard a maiden in her lair?

p Allegro con brio.

HILD

TENORS & BASSES.

Since you enquire, We've no de - sire To beard a maiden here, or a - ny-where! No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or

f

a - nywhere! No, no, no, no

Molto vivace, con fuoco.

ff

HILD.

1. Some years a - go No doubt you know (And if you don't I'll

p

tell you so) You gave your troth Up - on your oath To Hi - la - ri - on my son. A vow you make You must not break (If you

think you may, it's a great mis - take,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of one! A

vow you make You must not break, (If you think you may, it's a great mi-take,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of

one! And I'm a pepp'ry kind of King, Who s in - dis-pos'd for par-ley- ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And

that's the long and the short of it!

CHORUS OF MEN.

For he's a pep - p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis -pos'd for par - ley - ing To

For he's a pep - p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis -pos'd for par - ley - ing To

f

fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!

fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!

sf *ff*

HILD.

2. If you de - cide To

p

pocket your pride And let Hi - la - rion claim his bride, Why, well and good, It's un-der-stood We'll let by-gones go by— But

if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And le-vel your halls, In the

twink - ling of an eye! But if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll

storm your walls, And lev-el your halls, In the twinkling of an eye! For I'm a pep-p'ry Po - ten - tate, Who's lit-tle in - clin'd his

claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

MEN.

For he's a pep- p'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's

For he's a pep- p'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's

f

little inclin'd his claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

little inclin'd his claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

sf *D.C.*

ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.

1. We may re - mark, tho' no - thing can Dis - may us, That if you thwart this

p

gen - tle - man, He'll slay us. We don't fear death, of course— we're taught To shame it;

SCYN. GURON. ARAC.

But still up - on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes! Yes! Yes!

TUTTI.

bet-ter p'r'aps to name it. Our in - ter - ests we would not press With chat-tel, Three

f *p*

hulk - ing bro - thers more or less Don't mat - ter; If you'd poon - pooh this mon - arch's

plan, Pooh -pooh it, But when he says he'll hang a man, He'll do it.

SCYN. GURON. ARAC. TUTTI.

Yes! Yes! Yes! de- vil doubt he'll do it.

f *p*

PRINCESS.

Be re - as - sured,

nor fear his - an - ger blind, His me - na - ces are i - dle

tr *tr*

as the wind. He dares . . . . . not kill you— van - geance

ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.

lurks be - hind! *We* ra - ther think he dares, but ne - ver,

HILD.

I ra - ther think I do, but ne- ver, ne-ver mind.

ARAC. GURON. SCYN. TUTTI.

ne - ver mind; No! No! No! ne - ver, ne - ver mind!

HILD.

E - nough of par - ley— as a spe - cial boon— We

pp

No, no, ne - ver, ne - ver mind!

sempre p

give you till to - mor - row af - ter - noon;

pp

No! no! ne - ver, ne - ver mind!

pp

RECIT. HILD. *a tempo.*

Re - lease Hi - la - rion, then, And be his bride,

fp *f*

Or you'll in - cur the guilt of fra - tri - cide!

PSYCHE with 1st SOP., BLANCHE & MELISSA with 2nd SOP., HILARION & CYRIL with TENOR, & HILDEBRAND, FLORIAN, ARAC, GURON, & SCYNTHIUS with BASSES. PRINCESS.

To yield at once to such a foe With shame were rife; . .

rall. *f Allegro marziale.* *p*

So quick! a-way with him, al-tho' He sav'd my life! That he is fair, and strong, and tall,

Is ve - ry e - vi-dent to all, . . . Yet I will die, Yet, I will die, be

- fore I call My-self his wife! . . . . . .

GIRLS.

Oh! yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Than risk a strife! . .

MEN.

Oh! yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Than risk a strife! . .

f

That *p* he is fair, and strong, and tall,

And let the Prince Hi - la - rion go— He saved thy life! Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall,

p

And let the Prince Hi - la - rion go— He saved thy life! Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall,

p

Is ve - ry e - vi-dent to all, Yet I will die, will die be - fore I

A worse mis - for - tune might be-fal— It's not so dread - ful, af - ter

A worse mis - for - tune might be-fal— It's not so dread - ful, af - ter

cres.

call . . My-self his wife! Though I am but a girl, De -

all, To be his wife!

all, To be his wife!

f *p*

- fi - ance thus I hurl, Our ban - ners all On out - er . . wall We fear - less-ly un -

Tho' she is but a girl, De - fi - - ance thus to hurl, Our

furl, Tho but a girl, De fi - ance to hurl, Our

Tho but a girl, De - fi - ance to hurl, Their

ban - ners all On out - er wall We fear - less - ly un - furl. Our ban-ners

ban - ners all On out er wall They fear - less - ly un - furl. Their banners all

f

PRINCESS.

To yield at once to such a

all On out - er wall We fear - less-ly un - furl. Oh!

on out - er wall They fear - less-ly un - furl. Oh!

foe With shame were rife; So quick! a-way with him, al- though He sav'd my life! That he is

yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! Hi - la - rion's

yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! Hi - la - rion's

fair, and strong, and tall, Is ve - ry e - vi - dent to all, Yet I will die, will

fair, and strong, and tall— A worse mis - for - tune might be - fal— It's not so

fair, and strong, and tall— A worse mis - for - tune might be - fal— It's not so

cres.

die be - fore I call My - self his wife!

dread - ful, af ter all, to be his wife! De - fi - - ance, de - fi -

dread - ful, af - ter all, to be his wife! Their ban - ners all, On out - er

f *ff*

- ance, De fi - - - - ance thus . . . . . we hurl De - fi -

1st Bass & Tenors.

2nd Bass.

wall They fear - less - ly, fear - less - ly un - furl. Their ban - ners all, On

Psyche with Princess.

De - fi - ance, de - fi - - ance, de - fi - - - - - - -

- ance, De fi - - ance, de - fi - - ance, de - fi - - - - - -

out - er wall They fear - less - ly, un - furl. Their ban - - - - - -

- ance, De - fi - - - - - - - ance! De - fi - anc,

- ance, De - fi - - - - - - - ance! De - fi - - - - ance

- ners They fear - less - ly un - furl. De - fi - - - - ance,

Allegro Marziale.

De fi - - - ance!

PSYCHE with 1st SOP.

De - fi - - - - - - - - ance!

De - fi - - - - - - - - ance!

ff Allegro Marziale

ACT III.

No. 21. CHORUS & SOLO—(Melissa).

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

D.C.

1st SOPRANO.

f

Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru -

2nd SOPRANO.

f

Death to the in va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru -

f

- sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe! Let our mar - tial thun - der

- sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe! Let our mar tial thun - der

Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty - rant

Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty rant

low! Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow,

low! Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow,

As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

MELISSA.

Thus our cour - age, all un - tar - nish'd we re in - struct - ed to dis -

p

- play: But to tell the truth un - var - nish'd, We are more in - clin'd to say.

Timidly.

"Please you, do not hurt us."

1st Sop. *p*

"Do not hurt us, if it please you!"

2nd Sop. *p*

"Do not hurt us, if it please you!"

Un poco più lento.

Melissa.

"Please you let us be."

1st Sop.

"Let us be— let us be!"

2nd Sop.

'Let us be— let us be!"

Melissa.

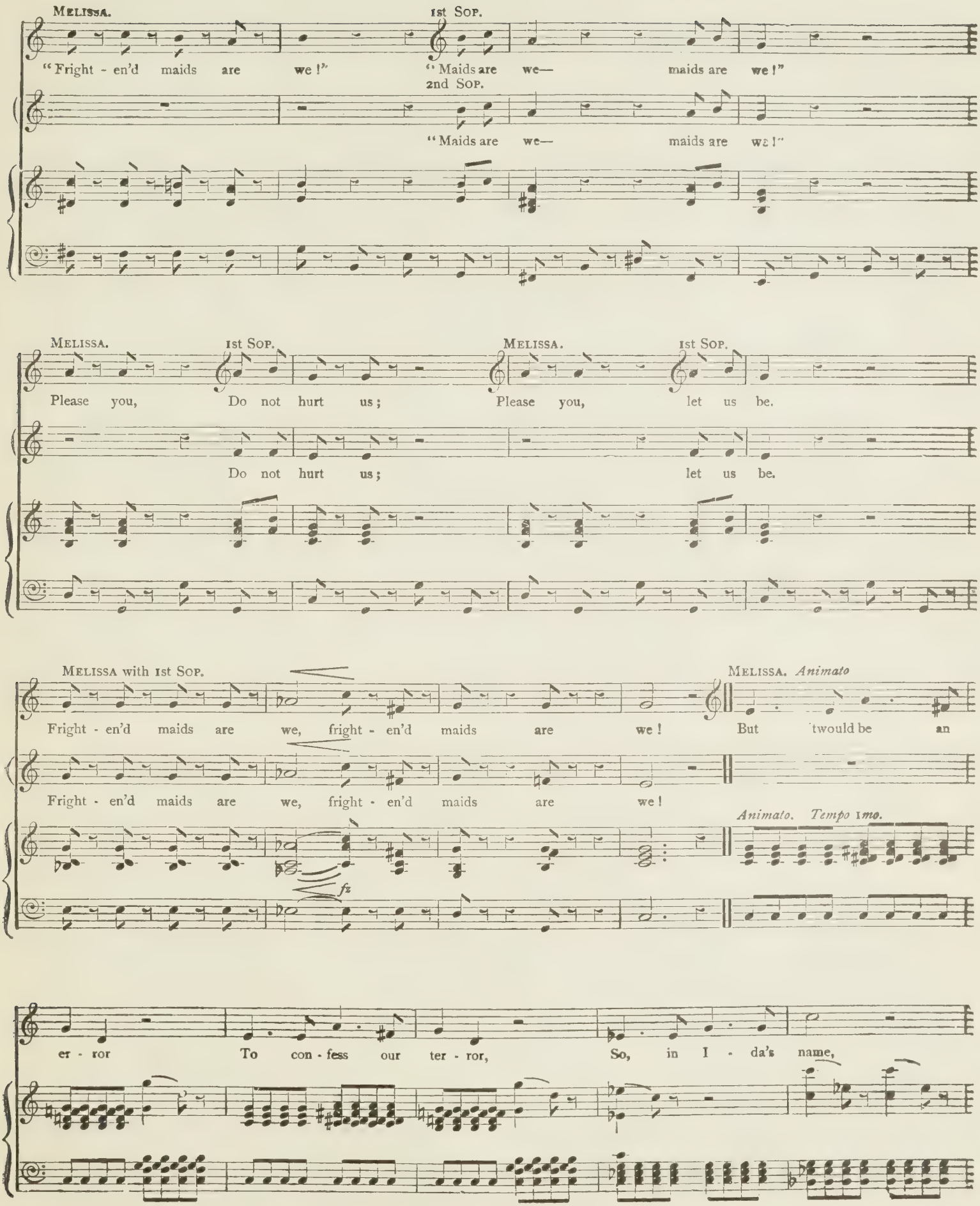
"Sol - diers dis - con - cert us."

1st Sop.

"Dis - con - cert us, if it please you!"

2nd Sop.

"Dis - con - cert us, if it please you!"


Melissa.
"Fright - en'd maids are we!"
1st Sop.
"Maids are we— maids are we!"
2nd Sop.
"Maids are we— maids are we!"
Melissa.
Please you, Do not hurt us;
1st Sop.
Do not hurt us;
Melissa.
Please you, let us be.
1st Sop.
let us be.
Melissa with 1st Sop.
Fright - en'd maids are we, fright - en'd maids are we!
Fright - en'd maids are we, fright - en'd maids are we!
fz
Melissa. Animato
But 'twould be an
Animato. Tempo 1mo.
er - ror To con - fess our ter - ror, So, in I - da's name,

MELISSA with 1st SOP.

Bold - ly we ex - claim: Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly

Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly

f *f*

blow, As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

blow, As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

Allegro.

f 3 3 3

No. 22. SONG—(Princess).

1. I

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

f *dim.* *p* *p*

built up - on a rock, But ere De - struc - tion's nand Dealt e - qual lot To Court and cot, My

rock had turn'd to sand! I leant up-on an oak, But in the hour of need, A-

- lack - a - day, My trust - ed stay Was but a bruis-ed reed! a bruis - ed reed!

cres.

Ah, faith - less rock, My sim - ple faith to mock! Ah, trai - t'rous oak, Thy worth-less

f

- ness to cloke, Thy worth- less- ness to cloke!

p *f* *dim.* *p*

2. I drew a sword of steel, But when to home and hearth The

p

bat - tle's breath Bore fire and death, My sword was but a lath! I lit a bea-con fire, But

on a storm-y day Of frost and rime, In win - ter time, My fire had died a - way, had died a -

cres.

- way! Ah, cow - ard steel That fear can un - an - neal!

p

sempre f

Ah, false fire in - deed, To fail me in my need, To fail me in my need!

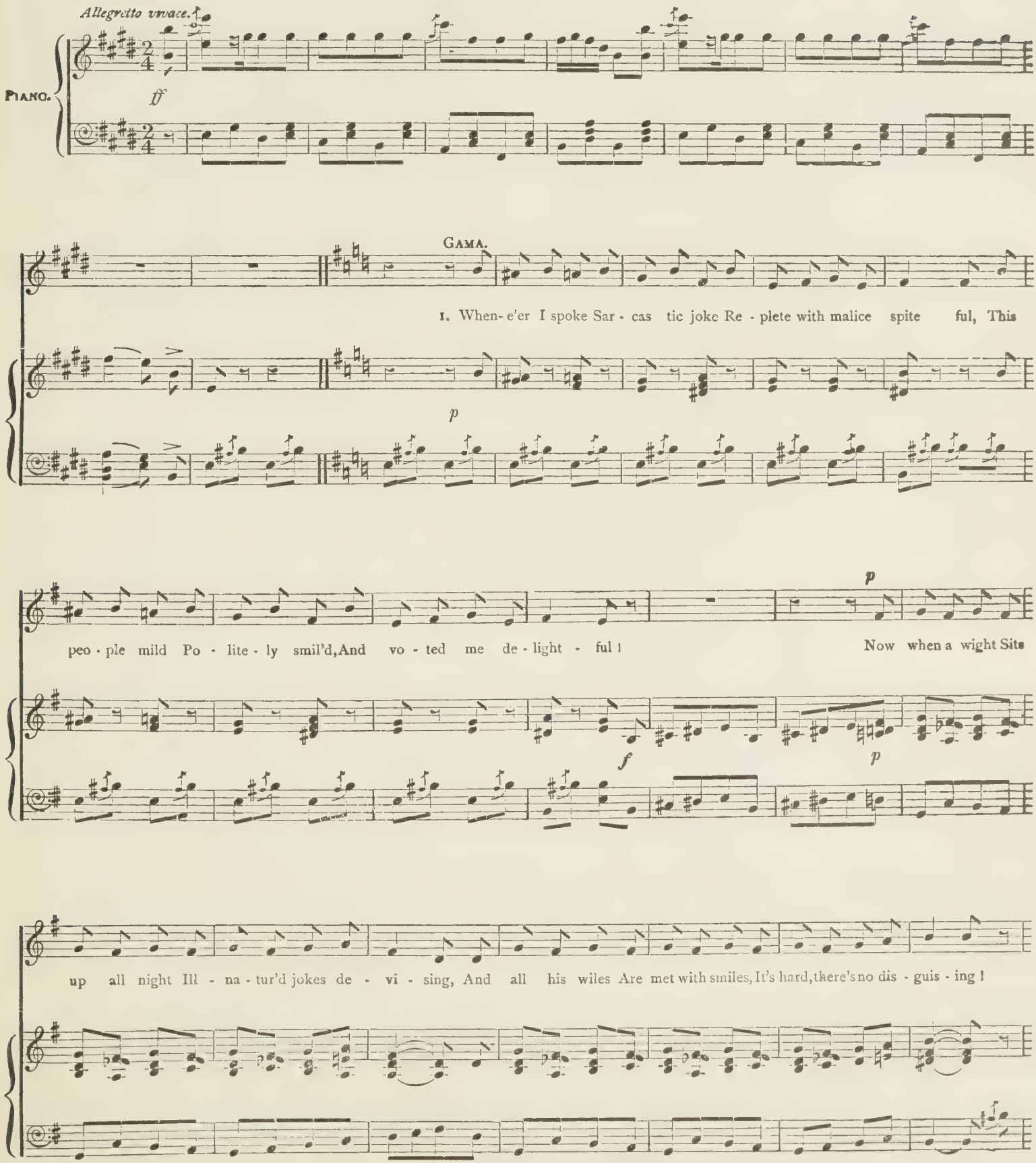
f *sempre f* *ff*

Allegro agitato.

p *cres.*

f

No. 23. SONG--(King Gama) with Chorus of Girls.



Ah! . . . . Oh, don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex -

p

CHORUS.

- tremely flat With nothing whatever to grum-ble at! Oh, isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With nothing whatever to grum-ble at!

f

2. When German bands From music stands Play'd Wagner im - per - *fect* - ly — I bade them go — They

p

didn't say no, But off they went di - rect - ly! The or - gan boys They stopp'd their noise, With

p

f

p

rea - di - ness sur - pris - ing, And grin - ning herds Of hur - dy - gurds Re - tired a - po - lo - gis - ing! Ah! . . . .

. . . Oh, don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex-tremely flat With

p

CHORUS.

nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at! Oh, isn't your life ex - treme - ly flat With nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at!

f

GAMA.

3. I of - fer'd gold In sums un - told To all who'd con - tra - dict me— I

p

said I'd pay A pound a day To a - ny one who kick'd me— I

brib'd with toys Great vul - gar boys To ut - ter some-thing spite ful, But, bless you, no! They *would* be so Con -

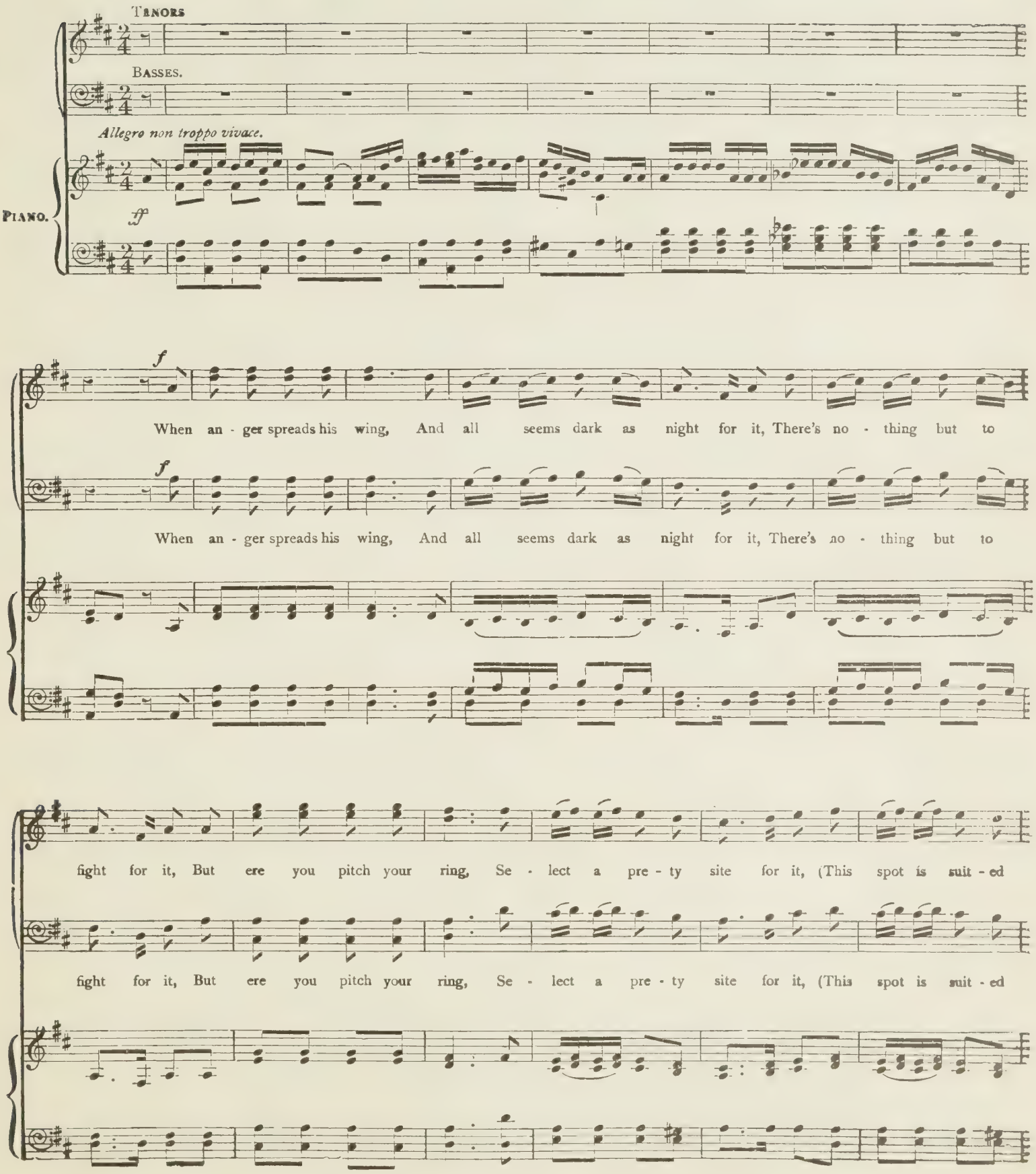
- foun - ded ly po - lite - ful! Ah! . . . . In short, these ag - gra - vat - ing lads, They

CHORUS.

tic-kle my tastes, they feed my fads, They give me this and they give me that, And I've nothing what-e-ver to grum - ble at! Oh,

isn't your life ex - treme - ly flat With nothing what - e - ver to grum - ble at!

No. 24. CHORUS OF LADIES AND SOLDIERS.



quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai - ly sing:

quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai - ly sing:

f

Oh, I love the jol-ly rat -tle Of an or -de -al by battle, There's an end of tit -tle, tattle, When your e - ne -my is dead. It's an

Oh, I love the jol -ly rat -tle Of an or -de -al by battle, There's an end of tit -tle, tattle, When your e - ne -my is dead. It's an

p

SOPRANOS.

f

For a fight's a kind of

arrant molley coddle Fears a crack upon his noddle, And he's on-ly fit to swaddle In a down-y feather bed! Oh, I love the jol-ly rattle Of an

arrant molley coddle Fears a crack upon his noddle, And he's on-ly fit to swaddle In a down-y feather bed! Oh, I love the jol-ly rattle Of an

f

thing That I love to look up - on, So let us sing, Long live the King, And his

or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tittle, tattle, When your en-e-my is dead. It's an arrant molley coddle Fears a crack up-on his noddle, And he's

or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tittle, tattle, When your en-e-my is dead. It's an arrant molley coddle Fears a crack up-on his noddle, And he's

son Hi - - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

on - ly fit to swaddle In a down-y fea-ther bed! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

on - ly fit to swaddle In a down-y fea-ther bed! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi la ri - on!

look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi - la - ri - on!

look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi la - ri - on!

No. 25. SONG—(Arac,) with Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus.

ARAC.

Allegro comodo.

1. This hel - met, I suppose, Was meant to ward off blows, It's

PIANO

f *p*

ve - ry hot, And weighs a lot, As ma - ny a guardsman knows, As ma - ny a guards - man knows, As

tr

many a guardsman knows, As many a guards -man knows, So off, ... so

off that hel - met goes. 2. This

GURON & SCYN.

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel - met goes!

GIRLS.

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel - met goes!

MEN.

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel - met goes!

f

tight - fit- ting cui- rass Is but a use - less mass, It's made of steel, And weighs a deal, This

p

tight - fit - ting cui - rass Is but a use - less mass, A man is but an ass Who

tr

GURON & SCYN.

fights in a cui - rass, So off, ... so off goes that cui-rass. Yes, yes, yes, So

GIRLS.

Yes, yes, yes, So

MEN.

Yes, yes, yes, So

f

ARAC.

3. These bras-sets, truth to tell, May look un-common well, But in a fight They're much too tight, They're

off goes that cui - rass !

off goes that cui - rass !

off goes that cui - rass !

p

like a lob - ster shell, . . They're like a lob - ster shell! 4. These

GURON & SCYN.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.

GIRLS.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.

MEN.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.

f *dim.*

things I treat the same, (I quite for - get their name.) They turn ones legs to crib - bage-pegs — Their aid I thus disclaim, Their aid I

thus dis - claim, Tho' I for - get their name, Tho' I for - get their name, Their aid, ... their

tr

aid I thus disclaim! Their aid I thus disclaim!

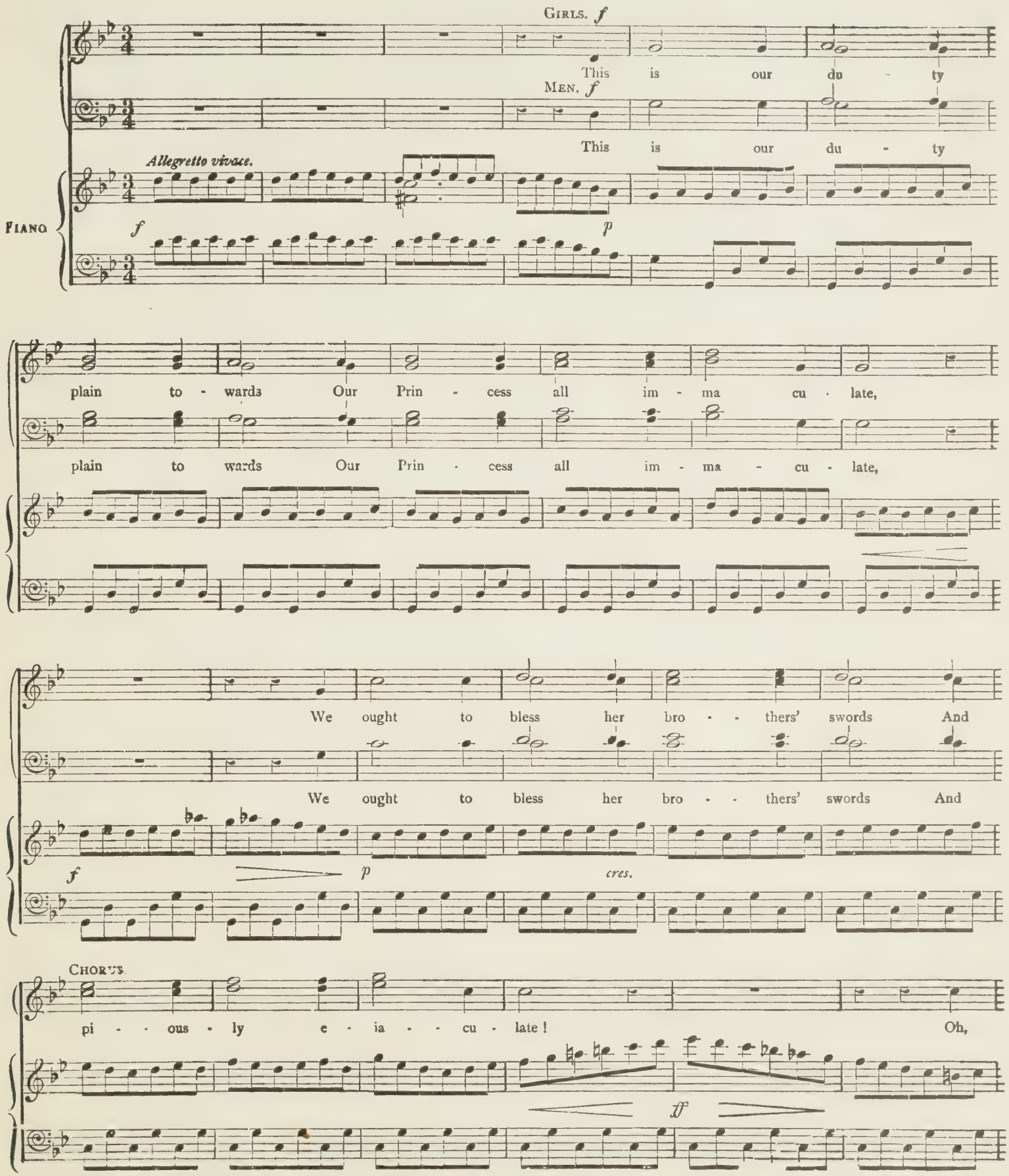
Yes, yes, yes, Their aid I thus disclaim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid I thus disclaim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid I thus disclaim!

f *f*

No. 26. CHORUS DURING THE FIGHT.



Hun - ga - ry! Oh, Hun - ga - ry! Oh, dought - y sons of

Hun - ga - ry! May all suc - cess At -

- tend and bless Your war - like i - ron - mon - ge ry! Hi -

- la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - -

ff

- - - - - ri - on!

No. 27. FINALE, ACT III.

PSYCHE with 1st SOP., BLANCHE & MELISSA with CONTRALTO. CYRIL with TENOR, HILDEBRAND & ARAC with 1st BASS, GURON & SCYNTHIOS with 2nd BASS.

PRINCESS.

With joy a bi - ding, To - ge - ther gli ding, Thro' life's va -

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

p

- ri - e - ty In sweet so - ci - e - ty, And thus en - thro - ning, The love I'm own - ing, On this a -

- ton - ing I will re - ly! . .

CHORUS & ENSEMBLE.

It were pro - fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as

It were pro fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as

p

va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo - ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor -

va - ni ty The sway of Love. In no lo - ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor -

p

HILARION.

When day is fa - ding, With se - re - na - ding And such fri -

- ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .

- ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .

p

- vo - li - ty Of ten - der qua - li - ty—With scent - ed show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers, The hap - py

hours . . Will gai - ly fly! The hap-py hours . . will gai - ly fly! . . . . .

CHORUS & ENSEMBLE.

It were pro

It were pro -

p

- fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo -

- fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo -

In no lo

ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .

ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .

PRINCESS & HILARION.

With scent - ed

- ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .

Its sway a . . . . . bove! . .

Its sway a . . . . . bove! . .

PRINCESS. HILARION with TENORS.

show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers, The hap - py hours . . will gai - ly fly! In no lo -

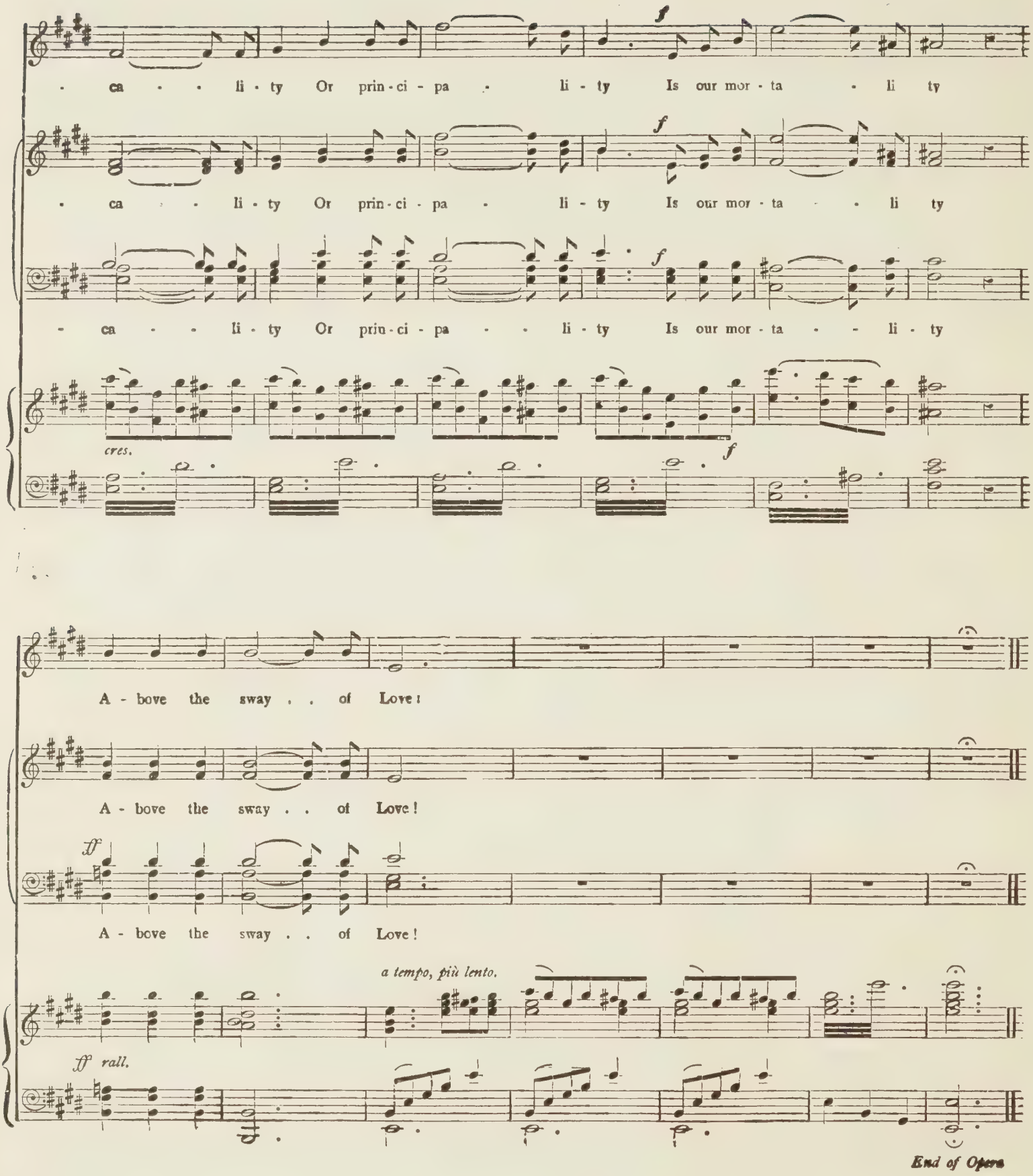
pp

Its sway a . . . . . bove! In no lo -

pp

Its sway a . . . . . bove! In no lo -

trem.



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